

Mr. Baldwin is the Rebel  
against all the laws of  
Democracy & Conservatism

THE

# SATURDAY REVIEW

Volume 161

18th January, 1936

Price Sixpence  
Weekly

Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

## *Sir Robert Brooke's Letter*



### *“Ross-shire Unionists Deeply Insulted”*

“Through the misdirected efforts of some of our party organisers,” writes Sir Robert, “Ross-shire Unionists have been deeply insulted.”

“The party leaders should have consulted both Liberal and Unionist opinion before allowing Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's name to be put forward by anyone.

“Is this the tactful means by which we are to be induced to sink our party differences in support of a major issue? Surely it would not have been difficult to have sounded both of the important party organisations concerned in this country?

### *“Complete Neglect of Ordinary Decency”*

“Surely the full measure of support which we Unionists have given to Sir Ian Macpherson, our National Government member, might have merited and earned the common courtesy of the party organisers?

“Surely the interests of our farmers, and with them particularly the interests of the farm workers, ought to have been made a subject for special consideration and discussion when the necessity for a change of our representative became apparent?

“Unionists are offended and farmers furious. Is not that the very natural result of an almost complete neglect of ordinary decency?”

*Reprinted from the Daily Mail.*

## A GREAT MISTAKE

HAS British foreign policy to be dictated by a junta of howling Socialists spurred on by the League of Nations Union? The Government has entirely miscalculated the strength of public opinion in thus suddenly altering course. IT HAS RUN AWAY FROM A MERE BOGY, the creature manipulated by the League of Nations Union and its wirepullers.

THEY have poured upon Ministers and hesitant members a flood of letters denouncing the peace proposals and have intimidated our none-too-bold politicians.

THE genuine attitude of the country is demonstrated by the immense number of letters protesting against sanctions which are reaching "The Daily Mail" without any wirepulling by a huge propagandist organisation.

THE Government itself ought to have resigned instead of making Sir Samuel Hoare its scapegoat. If the Cabinet imagine that they can go on indefinitely in this style, after such an exhibition of weakness and instability in a most critical affair, they make a great mistake.

THE country will come more and more to distrust them. No Administration in modern times has given such a shock to its own prestige; and the gravest fact of all is that it has adopted a line of policy, which leads and can only lead to war.

# THE TRUTH, BUT NOT THE WHOLE TRUTH

By "Historicus"

**T**HE *Morning Post* on Thursday presented to an ingenuous world what it was pleased to call the whole truth about national defence.

**T**HIS revelation of what lay behind Mr. Baldwin's assurance that his lips "were not yet unsealed" purported to "reveal for the first time the inner history of one of the most critical episodes in recent times."

**R**EADERS of the *Saturday Review* can have learned nothing from the "revelations" of its contemporary. The "deplorable condition of our defences to-day" and the fact that "other members of the League would be unwilling or unable to provide effective help" are topics which have been boldly, vigorously and ruthlessly hammered home in the columns of the *Saturday Review* for many months past.

**T**HEY have been hammered home with equal vigour in such papers as the *Daily Mail* and the *Sunday Dispatch*, from which the *Saturday Review* has freely quoted. The inner history of the critical episode of the Hoare-Laval peace plan does not consist in a belated exposition of the weakness of Britain's defences and the jeopardy into which a conglomeration of Whip-driven politicians have thrust the nation.

**W**HAT the country ought to know is why Mr. Baldwin, being fully aware of the gross inadequacy of our national defences and ready on that account to support the Hoare plan, suddenly turned tail and returned to his old allegiance—the allegiance to the Socialist-pacifist policy inaugurated by his predecessor, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

**E**ITHER the facts about national defence which were originally set out in this paper and the papers controlled by Lord Rothermere are true or they are not true.

**I**F they are true, the blame for this tragic and criminal state of affairs rests entirely upon the shoulders of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin.

**W**HY were the national defences allowed to rot? Why, when Sir Samuel Hoare and M. Laval belatedly realised the significance of Britain's parlous state, did Mr. Baldwin, at a word from some unrevealed master, revert again to a policy which places the national security in daily and deadly danger?

**T**HE *Morning Post* cannot make the blood of the nation creep by repeating in January, 1936, what papers of reasonable foresight and knowledge were saying in March, 1935.

**I**T cannot pretend the inner story of the peace crisis is told unless it is able to explain what malign influence has affected the action of the Prime Minister.

**T**WO years ago Mr. Baldwin declared that re-armament was an immediate necessity. Only within the last few months has the country begun to re-arm.

**M**R. BALDWIN agreed with Sir Samuel Hoare that our lack of arms made the Geneva policy a deadly menace. Within a very few hours he had returned to that policy and sacrificed the one of his Ministers who had vividly seen the danger.

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## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

## Soviet's Bill for Arms

"The Central Executive Committee, at its meeting to-day, urged that the military Budget for 1936 should be increased to £560,000,000.

This is the largest military allocation in any Soviet Budget. The appropriation last year was £260,000,000, but in the course of the year it was increased to £320,000,000."—Central News.

This sum will probably be paid out of the British Loan to Russia so it is not surprising that England cannot afford to arm herself! For if British Loans do not pay for this—where does the money come from? Of course there is Russian butter, thousands of tons of which arrive here regularly—Russian timber—Russian manufactured goods—all of which have brought ruin and unemployment to the inhabitants of this Country—and it is indiscreet to ask how many hundred millions Mr. Baldwin's Government intend spending on the Defences of our own Land?

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## Mr. Baldwin's Dictatorship

The Rev. John Sellar, chairman of the Executive and Emergency Committee of the Unionist Association, in a statement on London's insistence on the candidature of Mr. MacDonald, said:—

"Hitler might do this, Mussolini might do this, but it cannot be done in a country where it is an established principle of law that the people have the right to choose their own parliamentary representative."

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## Three Discredited Leaders

This is an interesting Government.  
And a strange one.  
It is big. Very big.  
It is strong. Very strong.

Yet all the three leaders of it are discredited.

First of all, Mr. Baldwin.

He is discredited because he made himself responsible for the Hoare-Laval Peace Plan, and then threw it over.

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## Backed Out

He declared in the House of Commons that if his lips were unsealed he could make such a case for the plan that nobody would vote against it.

Then he ran away.

For forty-eight hours he appeared to become an Isolationist. He was about to become wedded to that policy.

But when he saw Lord Beaverbrook in the very act of giving the bride away, Mr. Baldwin backed out.

He went crawling backwards down the aisle. And he has gone off with the League of Nations Union again.

Sir John Simon is discredited because he is believed to have betrayed his party in Ross and Cromarty. The late member was a National Liberal. Simon allowed a Socialist to be foisted on the organisation of his party.

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## A Big Row

By doing so he injures their future prospects. He shows that the National Liberal identity is no longer necessary, their view-point no longer essential to the Government front.

When a Socialist is substituted for a Liberal with the consent of the Liberal chief, it cannot be said that it is necessary to keep up the numbers of Liberals in the Government in order to preserve its National character.

Simon is going to have a big row with his party. Many of his followers criticise his actions.

As for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, he has been discredited for a long time. He has not improved his position by his defeat at Seaham. Nor by seeking election for a university representation which he has spoken and voted against in the past.

About the first two discredited leaders this too must be said. At Ross and Cromarty Sir John Simon has pressed a candidate who has never been a Liberal.

Mr. Baldwin has pressed a candidate who has never been a Conservative.

It is a job.

What is the reason for it? The reason is our Coalition Government. Baldwin rightly said some years ago that this country does not love a Coalition. That truth stands to-day more strongly than ever.

Meanwhile the Central Office machine used its weight at Ross and Cromarty on behalf of a man whom the local Tories twice unanimously rejected. It is a case of the tail wagging the dog. For the party machine is supposed to be the servant of the rank and file of the Tory Party.



The chairman of the Ross and Cromarty Association was brought down to London. Evidently the Central Office was able to influence him. He has resigned from the chairmanship of the association.

Randolph Churchill has now been adopted as official Conservative candidate at Ross and Cromarty. He is supported by an immense body of the association there, and also by the rank and file.

In these circumstances it would be intolerable if, as has been announced, Mr. Morrison, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, were to go to Ross and speak for Malcolm MacDonald. It would cause a great row.

As official Conservative candidate, Randolph Churchill is entitled to, and must receive, the support of the Central Office, of the Conservative organisation, and of all Conservative members of Parliament.

PETER HOWARD in the *Sunday Express*.

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### The Man with Two Consciences

Mr. Baldwin's pretended respect for people's convictions and his frequent references to conscience and honour and other high sounding abstract nouns remind us of a certain very powerful police superintendent during the general strike who, after having demanded of a picket consisting

of three lilliputian gentlemen whether they would go away or accompany him to the police station, remarked with a homely grin that he had "peacefully persuaded them."

In fact, this quality of the Prime Minister seems a convenient and tractable flux which can be turned on or off at will like the gas.

The spectacle of Mr. Baldwin smoking his pipe of peace with his Socialist cronies while trying to impose what he is pleased to call "discipline" on his own Conservative supporters is no new one, and we are beginning to think that until he formally crosses the floor of the House he will never permit himself to propound Conservative views.

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### Inconsistency

At the time when he stood weeping before the House and, while admitting his transgressions, pleading in extenuation that he had not tried to dissemble or cloak them, Mr. Baldwin dwelt at great length on the fact that this was a democratic country.

"The People," he said, had made it quite plain that they did not approve of the Hoare-Laval plan and, consequently, as a good democrat, he had decided not to approve of it himself, although he had done so only a day or two before.

The people of Ross and Cromarty, to say nothing of those in other parts of Great Britain, have made it quite plain that they do not approve of having Mr. Malcolm MacDonald foisted on them as a candidate for Parliament. But Mr. Baldwin, having turned off the tap of his conscience, has conveniently forgotten his democratic views and has even gone so far as to defy all the traditions of the Conservative Party.

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### The Way to Do Things

With the assistance of Lord Stonehaven, that tactful gentleman who, when holding a governorship in Australia, once told the inhabitants in a public speech that they had lived down the stigma of their birth, Mr. Baldwin is now arbitrarily overriding the decision of the Ross and Cromarty Unionist Association and is giving his support to the Socialist MacDonald.

Such an action is as unprecedented as it is high handed. Local Associations have an immemorial right to select their own candidates. They contribute, through their members to the Central Office Funds and are entitled to support from this quarter when fighting an election.

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### Back to Front

Mr. Baldwin seems to think that the local associations are there to do his bidding. Nothing could be further from the truth. The party leader is elected by members of Parliament chosen by the

associations, whose representatives they are. He is the servant of the associations and is supposed to carry out their wishes. The Ross and Cromarty Conservative Association should break off all connection with the Central Office and Conservatives in the constituency, who have been treated in so cavalier a fashion, should do all in their power to see that not a penny piece goes from this part of the world into the party funds.

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### More Humbug

Mr. Baldwin, however, is an adept at putting things the wrong way round. Having pointed out to the electors of the Scottish Universities that as Chancellor of St. Andrews he should in no circumstances interfere in a University contest, he immediately proceeded to do so by saying that they should give ungrudging support to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Mr. Baldwin's reason for this is that he regards it of the first importance that "he should continue in Parliament as a member of the Government which he did so much to bring into being in 1931."

In so far as it was Mr. MacDonald's gross incompetence and his mis-handling of the nation's affairs which led to the fall of the Socialist Government, Mr. Baldwin has spoken the truth. But to say that Mr. MacDonald played a large part in the formation of the National Government is to pervert the facts. The National Government was formed by Mr. Baldwin, who shrank from taking office as Prime Minister at a difficult time and preferred to shelter himself behind the man who had just run the ship on the rocks.

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### "Jobbery and Pocket Burgh"

"Political jobbery" and "pocket burgh" were among the phrases used during the criticism



of the prospect of the Scottish Universities being used to return Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to Parliament made at the resumed annual conference of the Union of University Liberal Societies in Manchester.

A resolution was carried with two dissentients, deploring "the use of the Scottish Universities constituency as a safe refuge for a beaten and discredited politician," and maintaining "that if University constituencies are to be used for this purpose there remains no argument for the retention of the graduate franchise."

Mr. I. R. Davies, Edinburgh University, who moved the resolution, said that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was in a peculiar way unsuited to represent the constituency, as in 1929 he voted and spoke against the retention of the University franchise, describing it as an anachronism.

He now thought that it could last a little longer, long enough to put him into Parliament for a period. He had no qualifications for a University seat.

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### "Flagrant Act"

The only argument in favour of the University franchise was that a man could be returned who was in a peculiar way suited to the needs of a University constituency and who would represent interests which would not otherwise be represented.

A University member should not be a party politician and he considered that they should condemn a flagrant act of political jobbery.

Mr. R. H. Walton, Oxford, moving the rejection of the resolution, said that it was rank defeatism to suggest that Mr. MacDonald was sure to get in.

*Glasgow Evening Times.*

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### Lady Houston's Message

Lady Houston has made a characteristic intervention in the election by sending the following telegram to Dr. O. H. Mavor (James Bridie), who



was approached as a non-political candidate, but declined nomination:—

"Which is more important—personal ambition of one man or ruination of thousands of farmers?"

Lady Houston has also sent copies of her pamphlet, "What the late Prime Minister has done for England," to every graduate of the four Scottish Universities.

In this she states that "the world is looking on with contemptuous amazement at the picture of a Conservative majority being used to try to reinstate a Socialist black sheep once again."

"For the last three years, while Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister, the National Government preached and enforced disarmament, and during that time they dragged down, down, down to the depths of despair the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force."



### Mr. Churchill's Speech

In his speech, Mr. Randolph Churchill said that there had been thrust upon them a candidate whose record was distasteful to Unionists, whose political affiliations were nebulous, and whose political views and principles would appear to be a matter of some considerable conjecture.

"The circumstances," said Mr. Churchill, "are in my view considerably aggravated by the fact that another candidate with a longer and even more deplorable political record is being simultaneously thrust upon the Scottish Universities."

"Scant regard would seem to have been paid to the interests of the constituency, to the interests of the Unionist Party, or to the special needs of the localities in either of these choices."

"It is true that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has been accepted by the Unionist committees in the four universities, but a long, long trail of intrigue and manipulation lay behind that." (Hear, hear.)

"We are told," he said later, "that the two MacDonalds are indispensable to the National Government, and that Scotland, though she did



not think of herself, should now leap at the opportunity which is being forced upon her and send them back to Westminster. Well, as your national poet has said 'The man of independent mind, he looks and laughs at a' that.'"

Mr. Churchill said the argument was that in the National Government there should be men of all parties, and therefore it was vital that these two men of National Labour should be returned.

"That argument is a lie," he exclaimed. "Speaking with due consideration and with a proper sense of responsibility, I have not the slightest hesitation in denouncing it and exposing it as a fraudulent, insincere, hypocritical, bare-faced lie."

### "Shameful Pretence"

"The MacDonalds—representatives of labour—show me, pray, what labour they represent? Is there a single trade union or a single co-operative society in this country which accepts them? Is there a single working-class constituency in Scotland, Wales, England or Northern Ireland prepared to have them? No. These two men are probably more hated and despised by organised labour than any other two men in the Kingdom."

Mr. Churchill asked that they should have no more of this shameful pretence. The argument as well as being a lie, was, he said, the manifestation of arrogance and overwhelming and presumptuous conceit.

*The Observer.*

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### Encouraging Bolshevism

The action of the Traffic Commissioners for the East Midlands area in threatening to revoke the licence of the United Counties Omnibus Company unless the dispute with the men is instantly settled, raises an alarming prospect if it becomes a precedent.

Such a high handed ultimatum is calculated to force the employers to accede to any demands the men may make, however unreasonable, and in this case, when the strike is not recognised by the Transport Workers' Union and is directly inspired by Communist agitators, it is particularly objectionable.

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### Socialistic Schemes

That the public are inconvenienced by the lack of travelling facilities is entirely due to the Socialistic legislation which not only set up these area Stalins, but deprived the motor coach industry of healthy competition. In consequence, if one firm operating 'buses is involved in a dispute with its employees there are no other firms in existence to carry on.

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### Communist Bias

The whole history of the dispute, in fact, reeks of Communistic bias. It is an axiom of British law that no one can be made to work if he does not want to, but that no one may stop anyone else from working if he wishes to. The drivers who have been taken on to replace the strikers have been subjected to continued terrorism. It would be interesting to know why they have not been given adequate police protection.

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### Germany's Atlantic Bid

The news that Germany is likely to forestall us in providing the first regular air service across the Atlantic is not surprising in view of the Conservatism of our air lines and the discouraging attitude of the Air Ministry towards adventurous projects. Germany already runs a mail service across the South Atlantic and is proposing to employ the same system of depot shops which have proved their use as re-fuelling bases on that route.

While it seems unlikely that the North Atlantic air route will pay its way for some time to come, we cannot help regretting that we have been unable to raise enough of the pioneer spirit to be first in the field. The experience gained will be invaluable and the originators of the scheme are sure to reap the benefits in the long run.

## *Is Mr. Malcolm MacDonald a Free Trader?*

*Because it is Free Trade that has ruined the Scottish Farmers.*

*Let them make no mistake about this.*

Foods that came from Russia during 1935 that could have been produced by British Farmers—

Wheat - 7,000,000 cwts.

Barley - 6,204,000 cwts.

Butter - 503,000 cwts.

# Ross and Cromarty

**By Lady Houston, D.B.E.**

**I** AM asked if I will back Mr. Randolph Churchill in his fight for the right? What a question to ask anyone who is a Patriot and who loves right and justice !

**M**OST certainly I will back him. He has made a most brilliant speech, and every word of it is true.

**W**HEREAS the only thing anyone knows about Malcolm MacDonald is that he is a chip of the old block, who made himself famous or infamous in the good old MacDonald style by attempting to belittle the power of the King—no doubt as he gets older—the mantle of his father will fall in closer folds around this son of Ramsay MacDonald. Ramsay MacDonald!—who during the War called a revolution and said “Russia has called to us to follow her—you must not refuse to answer that appeal.” Ramsay MacDonald! who, in 1926, sang the “Red Flag” with the Strikers to encourage them to ruin themselves, which they did most successfully, for before the strike many miners were earning from £14 to £15 a week who are now—on the Dole !

**N**AVY—Army—Air Force—all dragged down and destroyed by Papa MacDonald. What an achievement! This—as far as I can find—is the only reason for Mr. Baldwin wishing to foist the MacDonalds on Scotland, or for pretending that these two men are indispensable!



# This Is Despotism— Not Democracy

By Kim

**R**ANDOLPH CHURCHILL is a young man destined to go a very long way. When he was invited by cable to leave the sunshine of Morocco for the bleak Highland coast to represent the Conservatives in Ross and Cromarty, who have had Mr. Malcolm MacDonald foisted on them in the most extraordinary manner, he did not hesitate. Scenting his quarry, he flew straight back and accepted the invitation of the Ross and Cromarty Conservatives Association to fight the vacant seat.

He might well have paused. The seat is properly Liberal or that brand under Sir John Simon that calls itself "National Liberal." The Scots are a clannish race and very rarely select an Englishman to represent them in Parliament, and although he put up two splendid fights, against odds, at the Wavertree by-election and at the General Election, he was defeated. No one could blame him if he considered Ross and Cromarty too risky for another contest as a Conservative opposed by a Cabinet Minister, supported by the "National Liberals," and with all the weight of the Party Caucus thrown into the scales against him. To his honour be it said that he never hesitated.

But the candidature of Mr. Churchill has raised an issue far transcending in importance the question as to the actual Parliamentary representative. Is this country to be represented by a free Democracy or is it going to be coerced by an autocratic junta, operating in a manner that will entirely destroy the rights of the citizen to use his vote as he wishes? Mr. Churchill, at his adoption meeting, did not hesitate to expose the present nefarious attempts to dictate to the electors. He said that the executive Government have no right to foist their own nominees on any constituency. "The executive say to you," he cried scornfully, "we do not want candidates freely chosen by yourselves on your own spontaneous choice. Here are the candidates whom you must support." These words have proved only too prophetic. Following closely on Colonel Blair, representing the Scottish Conservative Whip, who said the Conservative leaders would support Malcolm MacDonald, Mr. W. S. Morrison, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, a Conservative Minister, appeared in Dingwall and spoke in favour of the candidate who calls himself "National Socialist," is standing as the representative of "National Liberals," and is neither Labour, Liberal, nor Conservative. Here is a Conservative Minister doing his best to defeat the Conservative Candidate adopted by the Conservative Association of Ross and Cromarty. Could political humbug and dishonesty descend much lower?

Yes, even that is possible. The Conservative

Leader, Mr. Baldwin himself, sends a telegram in support of Malcolm MacDonald.

"You have my whole-hearted support" he wires, "I strongly urge Unionists in the interests of the *National Government* to support you as they did Sir Ian MacPherson."

*In the interests of the National Government!* What interests are these? To maintain a sham pretence that he is at the head of a National Government—which to be sure is anything but Conservative, although he pretends it is when there is a General Election—but really to foist these MacDonalds upon the country, although the electors have taken every possible step to show their dislike and contempt for Mr. Baldwin knows perfectly well that as the official Conservative Candidate, Randolph Churchill is entitled to receive the support of the Leader of the Party and of all Conservative members of Parliament. In this action of his Mr. Baldwin has not only repulsed his followers in Ross and Cromarty, but he has shown his utter contempt for the Conservatives throughout the country, who should take immediate steps to call together their respective Conservative Associations and demand that Mr. Baldwin repudiates this recommendation of a Socialist in place of an official Conservative, or make way for a leader who leads the Party and does not betray it.

It is impossible for those who call themselves Conservative to stomach this latest attempt of Mr. Baldwin and play ducks and drakes with their principles. Here is a man who is always thrusting Democracy down the throats of the nation, yet when it comes to a show-down we see at once the value of Mr. Baldwin's sincerity as we have seen in many other instances.

To foist a pet candidate on a constituency, whether the electors want him or not, and try to bludgeon them into obedience is not democracy, but a form of autocracy which even a dictator would hesitate to impose. The Conservative electors in the two Scottish by-elections, who have had the MacDonalds thrust upon them have been described in certain quarters as rebels. *The real rebel is Mr. Baldwin.*

It looks as though Conservatives will not take this lying down. The Ross and Cromarty Conservative Executive sent a dignified but strongly worded protest on the way their leader has betrayed them. Occurring as it does on the top of the Conservative Caucus intrigues to get Ramsay MacDonald wangled into the vacant seat, the whole of this MacDonald business reeks of jobbery. The Caucus have seen to it that no Conservative Candidate is standing for the Scottish Universities though a safe Conservative seat, and Mr. Baldwin

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appeals for "ungrudging support" of the man who comes sneaking to the very Universities whose representation a few years ago he tried his best to destroy.

The astonishing thing about Mr. Baldwin is that he is only firm where the MacDonalds are concerned. With all great affairs of State he is a wobbler, but some unholy compact exists whereby the interests of the nation and of his Party can go

hang if weighed in the balance with the MacDonalds, who, as Randolph Churchill says are not Liberals, Conservatives, or Socialists, but just "want - to - get - into - Parliamentarians." Mr. Baldwin's prestige to-day does not stand so high that he can afford to play these tricks on his followers and we believe when the electors in the by-elections have their say they will give Mr. Baldwin the punishment he richly deserves.

## H. H. The Aga Khan

By Sir Lionel Haworth

**T**O-MORROW is the jubilee of His Highness the Aga Khan, known to the British public as a consistent winner on the turf, and a successful breeder of racehorses. There will be few who realise that the honour concealed beneath his title is purely a religious one, for the Aga Khan is not, as many may think, an Indian Prince, but a Pontiff, and more than a Pontiff, of the Ismaili sect of Shiah Mohammedans.

The story of his race is indeed a romantic one. Some 800 years ago one Hassan Sabeh, a direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, through his daughter Fatimah, and a leader of the Ismaili sect, lived at Nishapur in the north of Persia. Here as a youth, so the story goes, he formed a great friendship with Omar Khayyam, the poet and astrologer, and with Nizam-el-Mulk, the future ruler of the country, and each swore to help the other if the occasion arose. It is related that Nizam-el-Mulk later fulfilled his promise to Omar Khayyam, but Hassan Sabeh drifted away, and his ambitions led him to desire to supplant the Persian dynasty. He founded a religio-political order consisting of seven classes, including grand priors, priors, devotees, and ordinary members, all devoted to the fulfilment of his commands and desires.

### Foretaste of Heaven

Then, stranger than fiction, he enclosed a valley and built a garden representing the Heaven of the Mohammedan religion. Here, under the influence of hashish, the eastern drug, were created his *devotees*, who, surrounded by beautiful Houris, who brought them all that they desired, gained a foretaste of the delights of Heaven. Led forth to the outer world, once more under the influence of hashish, they were told that by performing the commandments of Hassan Sabeh, even to the death, they would again attain the celestial delights they had already known. Hassan Sabeh and his successors obtained their end largely by political assassination, and the *devotees* became known by the name of the Hashisheen, corrupted by the Crusaders, who came into contact with them, into the English word "assassin."

For two hundred years the Assassins ruled from their capital at Alamut, in the extreme North West of Persia, while a separate section maintained its power in Syria, but the dynasty was finally destroyed by the Turkish invasion.

Their descendants still lived in Persia, and the Ismaili sect continued to acknowledge the headship of their Imam, a word which, it is interesting to note, has the same meaning as that which Hitler has chosen, the "Leader," though, in the Ismaili case the word had initially a religious significance.

A hundred and twenty years ago the Imam, the Aga Khan, the grandfather of the present holder of the title, was a governor of a province of Persia, but during the disturbed dynastic conditions in that country came into opposition with the successful Shah, and finally he fled to India. There his religious followers soon flocked to his support and as a result the religious side of his character assumed the dominant note.

Established in the Bombay Presidency the Ismailis were reinforced by Hindu conversions, which resulted in a body known as Khojas. The Khojas are prominent merchants along the coasts of India, Africa and Arabia, and though Ismailis exist all over Central Asia, they probably provide the main part of the immense revenues of their chief. No wedding, no death, no birth can take place without an offering to the Aga Khan.

### Great Abilities

The present Aga Khan is well known to all, and his urbane presence is familiar to us through the picture papers. The great position he holds in the world of to-day is due to his many qualities and the great abilities which he possesses. He is indeed the perfect cosmopolitan, at home in any society and in any country, equally adaptable at the social board, or at the political conference.

He was Chairman of the British Indian Delegation at the Round Table Conference. He represented India at the World Disarmament Conference and at the League of Nations Assembly, while his great influence in Mohammedan circles in India hardly requires stating; an influence which has always been used on the side of moderation in the difficult times in India. The British Government has granted him the status of an Indian Ruler.

To people in England he will always be best known as the winner of the Derby, and they will all be ready to join in congratulations to him on his Jubilee day.

# THE NORTHING CHAMP

By Hamadryad

There's a roaring in Ross,  
 There's a cry from Cromarty,  
 "Let's put it across  
 The Conservative Party.  
 This lad from Arbroath  
 May be wanted in Worcester,  
 But here in the North,  
 Why, he'll soon come a buster.

"This Cabinet ramp  
 May look easy as easy,  
 But we've got a champ.  
 Who'll make 'em feel queasy."  
 Like a cock o' the North,  
 Young Randolph comes riding,  
 Cries "Malcolm, come forth,  
 And I'll give you a hiding.

"Your tongue may be glib,  
 And your mien may be hearty,  
 But the cut of your jib  
 Gives offence to my party.  
 D'ye think they'll be led,  
 Not to mention high-hatted,  
 By a renegade Red,  
 Who from Labour has ratted?"

Cries Malcolm, "Oh, see  
 What's arrived here from Euston!  
 'Tis a present, maybe,  
 From our friend Lady Houston,  
 Or maybe Lord R.  
 Who is now in Morocco  
 (Like Randolph's papa)  
 May have sent the young cock O.

"Is he thinking, perhaps,  
 That I'm going to malingering,  
 For fear of the yaps  
 Of a puny ink-slinger."  
 "These job-hunting Macs  
 Will receive a warm welcome,"  
 Says Randolph. "My axe!  
 And let Malcolm or hell come."

But the Liberals frown,  
 As they ask themselves why a  
 Wee Free must stand down  
 For a Labour pariah,  
 And Highlanders true  
 To the Tory tradition  
 Tell the Downing Street crew  
 It can go to perdition.

And when jolly old Stan.,  
 Like a proper dictator,  
 Says "Vote for my man,  
 Or you'll hear from me later,"  
 They laugh in his face,  
 And say "Aren't you a weeny  
 Bit out of your place  
 As a tin Mussolini?"

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# England's Sea Wall

By I. Shipton

**"KEEP** then the sea that is the wall of England, and then is England kept by God His hand," wrote an old chronicler of 500 years ago.

That wall, as the public is beginning to realise, is badly in need of repair at the present moment, and one of the tasks before the present Government is to see that the Royal Navy is adequate for the heavy tasks imposed on it as the Keeper of the King's Peace.

Yet, even more urgent than the building up of the Royal Navy is the need of the Mercantile Marine, and there is danger that in stressing the needs of the former the needs of the latter may be lost sight of. Informed public opinion leading to a re-awakening of the Sea Spirit in the nation at large would mean a big step forward on the road to recovery, but, though there is grave concern in shipping circles, the public is still lethargic, and by no means realises the gravity of the situation.

In 1914 the percentage of world tonnage possessed by the British Empire was 45.2 per cent. In 1925 it had fallen to 35.1 per cent. To-day it is only 31.8 per cent., a decline as dangerous to our country as it is lamentable. For how does England stand? She imports 58 million tons of foodstuffs, raw materials, and manufactured goods annually to feed her 46 million citizens. These same citizens, let it never be forgotten, lie in a small unvictualled island in the middle of the North Sea. Those 58 million tons of goods must come by sea. To use the sea you must have ships. Ships, and ships only, can carry them.

## Trained Seamen

Turn for a moment to another aspect of the question. In 1914 the personnel of the Royal Navy was 145,000 men. In 1918 it numbered 440,000 men. Where did the majority of that increase in personnel come from? The Mercantile Marine. The Mercantile Marine has always been the backbone of the Navy. It existed long before the Royal Navy, and when the two Services grew distinct, and the Senior Service took over the duties of keeping the seas while the merchantmen went about on their "lawful occasions," it was to the merchant ships that the Royal Navy turned to supply its need for trained seamen. The gaols and back streets of the cities might supply a rag-tag and bobtail of pressed men during the 17th and 18th centuries, but the best seamen were those seized out of some home-coming merchant ship and transferred, much against their will, poor fellows, to a ship of the line.

It is acknowledged that one of the main obstacles to recovery in our own merchant service is the subsidies to shipping paid by other nations. It has been calculated that thirty million sterling is being spent annually on foreign subsidies. Such artificial bolstering up of commerce is not only a most

unfair form of competition, but is uneconomic. For that reason alone our own shipping companies are averse to receiving Government aid in the form of subsidies, since, besides meaning a measure of State control and State interference, any such methods of retaliation only still further retard recovery in the long run. It was only with great reluctance that a small subsidy of £2,000,000 was introduced last year, but its effect has already been markedly beneficial. The loaning of money to the shipping companies at a low rate of interest for the construction of new ships on the "scrap and build" condition is one of the most fruitful of the measures which have so far been initiated to help the Merchant Service.

Few things are more melancholy than the sight of a laid-up ship, lying with the paint rusting on her sides, and only a caretaker to look after her; and not only do laid-up vessels deteriorate, but they become obsolete in design. The alternative to laying-up ships is the selling of them to foreign flags where they enter into competition with us, and the new measures should do much to prevent the latter undesirable state of affairs.

## Impetus to Construction

The impetus given to new construction by Government aid is of twofold value. Worn-out vessels are uneconomical to run, with heavy repair and fuel bills; and their cargo-carrying capacity is less than in newer ships, since recent advances in shipbuilding design have led to an increase in the amount of cargo which can be carried. Secondly, new construction means work for the shipyards and allied trades.

The shipping subsidy is a temporary measure, regrettable but necessary, until such time as the nations of the world realise the fundamental unsoundness of such subsidies. From England's point of view a revival of the Navigation Laws would do much to restore her prosperity, but this is in the nature of a retaliatory measure, and such measures have a way of returning on their perpetrator's head. Another more feasible measure to assist coastwise trade would be to reserve it for our own shipping. This is a piece of domestic legislation which could be carried through presumably without reference to the League of Nations, which at present seems the arbiter of our destiny. Yet another suggestion is taxing the subsidised shipping of other countries.

Meanwhile, the Coastal Trade Development Council is doing valuable work. This Council aims at bringing the facilities offered by the coasting trade to the notice of manufacturers, and stresses the point that Britain's maritime defences are largely dependent on our coastal shipping, and if such shipping is to be available in time of war it must be encouraged in time of peace. Besides this work the Council is working for the improve-

ment of the smaller harbours round our coast, and of the road approaches, many of which even in the case of large harbours leave much to be desired. Post-war economies have had their effect here as elsewhere.

### Modernising Shipping

The Council also encourages improvements in material and design in modernising shipping. This is very necessary for British shipping, since other nations save on food, safety regulations and wages, so that to counterbalance this we need to aim for economy in fuel and insurance. Here we are on hopeful ground, for lately British design

has made great headway with the shallow-draught motor coaster; and recent experiments on some of the new cargo-steamers show great steps forward both in the matter of cutting down fuel consumption by improved engine design, and of reducing resistance and friction by specially-designed hulls.

Given a fair chance in an open market, and the removal of the shipping subsidies by other nations, the merchant service of Great Britain would soon be on its feet again and our harbours no longer choked with idle shipping, and our merchant seamen no longer eating out their hearts for lack of work. But that time is not yet.

# In America's Foreign Office

By Ignatius Phayre

ONCE again is the United States embarrassed as the "Universal Provider" of all things for all nations, from fuel oil to cotton and steel and food stuffs. "We are not ready for any war," as his Texan boss—Colonel E. M. House—warned President Wilson in 1917. "But we can act as a 'reservoir' for our fighting Allies!" It is foreign fishing in this well-stocked reservoir which has always troubled the Department of State, to whose chief the very word "neutrality" has been a bugaboo from Napoleon's day to Signor Mussolini's.

America objects to a "Foreign Office." It had one in Washington's day, but that ill-omened bureau lived only a few weeks. Anything "foreign" was taboo, since it savoured of Old World "entanglements." A "State Department" sounded safer; and many an able man has run it since John Quincy Adams wrestled with George Canning, and outwitted him over the so-called "Monroe Doctrine" for the newly-freed South American Republics.

### Automatic Election

Across the street from the White House looms an architectural freak faced with "gingerbread and sugar-stick pillars." Here sits the tall, lean, taciturn and very shy man who to-day handles America's overseas relations. He is Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, a Minister *sui generis* in the Cabinet. For if Mr. Roosevelt and Vice-President Garner, who were both abroad recently at the same time, had chanced to meet their deaths, Secretary Hull would have become President of the United States automatically, and without any popular election.

Before the war with Spain and the cutting of the Panama Canal had made America an "empire," its foreign diplomacy was of the "shirt-sleeves" kind, or else purely ornamental. A

Chicago brewer would do for the Balkans; a "plute" like Charlemagne Tower spent money like water in Berlin, whilst in our own Dorchester House of yesteryear, Whitelaw Reid's outlay for flying the Stars and Stripes came to over £50,000 a year!

That care-free day is gone. Theodore Roosevelt had no use for diplomats *en pantoufles*; and his State Secretary, Elihu Root (still alive at 91) overhauled the Service in drastic style. This process continued under Robert Lansing during the Great War, when Walter Page held the London post and fearless Gerard could write from Berlin: "The

People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy

"The Patriot"

"The National Review"

and

their humble servant

"The Saturday Review"



people here are convinced that we can be slapped, insulted and murdered with absolute impunity!"

Open diplomacy does not "go" in this trans-Atlantic Foreign Office. Its Chief is as mum as Tokyo's own; and will hedge even when "asked about the weather!" Yet State Secretary Hull gathers news from the whole globe, and broadcasts it to business men. His duty it is to negotiate, enforce and end Treaties. Through his bureau new nations are "recognised." All envoys and consuls abroad look to him for guidance. He publishes the U.S. laws, and new Amendments to the Constitution; he acts as the President's mouthpiece in external affairs, and lastly has the Great Seal of the Republic in his possession.

### One Master

Mr. Hull has no master but Roosevelt himself; and he alone of all the Cabinet, makes no "report to Congress." Even when pressed to do this, he may decline "in the public interest." The most secret of all Washington telephones links the White House with the State Department over the way. Twice a week at least Mr. President sees his "foreign" *alter ego* and gets news from all the bureaux: Service, Personnel, Eastern Affairs, Latin-American, Western European, Mexican, Near Eastern and Eastern European Divisions.

The Foreign Minister's deputy is Mr. Williams Phillips, who is paid £2,000 a year: salaries in America's public service are strangely low compared with those of Big Business, which may be enormous. Inside this forty-year-old hive you find endless corridors and swinging half-doors that suggest an old-time "saloon." Mr. Cordell Hull is a "careerist" Congressman of life-long study in the arid fields of Tariffs and Taxes. London remembers this grave and courtly American as the much-harried protagonist of the ill-fated World Economic Conference of 1932.

An abrupt message from his President was then to send the delegates of sixty nations packing for their home ports. And so embarrassed was Mr. Hull himself by Roosevelt "Brain-Trusters," that when he returned he sent in his resignation. Only by dismissing Raymond Moley, the interloper, was the President able to keep an ideal Foreign Minister of wide knowledge and that personal charm which means so much in daily commerce with Ambassadors of the Powers in Washington—above all in so difficult a time as the present, when affairs in Europe and the Far East are almost as critical as in 1915.

### The Fare of War

Then the World-War was spreading like a prairie fire, and Japan was pressing upon China her "Twenty-One Demands," which would have made her Mistress of Asia at a stroke.

To-day Mr. Hull can telephone to Rio or Manila or to Rome, Paris and London—say, on naval affairs. Special codes are used for wireless or cable instructions. Last year 37,102 dispatches passed to and fro overseas, with 2,511,622 words

in the mass. Consular hints and jottings for U.S. business purposes—new ways to foster trade and open fresh markets—fairly deluge the State Department. Its mail-bag for the year contained no fewer than 1,170,389 letters, bearing every stamp in the whole globe's Postal Union.

Some forty divisions and bureaux handle these; and in all, Secretary Hull's staff numbers 755 persons of many castes and grades, from Economic and Historic Advisers to junior girl-clerks. U.S. Diplomatic Missions abroad number 54, with 64 Consulates-General, 189 lesser offices and 28 Agencies. These entail an overseas payroll, from Ambassadors to charwomen, of 3,650 employees all told.

### Gifts and Graces

Merit counts now in the Foreign Service rather than the former "Pie-Counter pull" on the morrow of a Presidential Election. The humblest of consuls may aspire one day to fill a great Embassy if he has the right gifts and graces as well as diligence and a love of languages. Formerly weak in this latter respect, U.S. envoys of to-day can master the most difficult of tongues, such as Russian, Arabic and Chinese. Even Consul Walter A. Foote, of Java, is as fluent in Malay as he is in English.

These men know the new prestige of their fabulously rich land; if America were ever to join England in even an economic Alliance, these two could stop a war anywhere without firing a shot or moving a ship or gun.

In the basement of Secretary Hull's vast building are stored the archives of U.S. diplomacy, from the anguish of Jefferson's day ("Peace is our Passion"! he wailed to the English Minister), to the anxiety of 1935, both East and West. More and more is the U.S. coming to see how foreign policy and export trade are bound up together. Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal, with its costly crop-control and cash payment to farmers for lessened production, causes serious alarm in the Cotton-States and the Corn-Belt. Then in the South-West, petroleum-lords resent any inclusion of their "black gold" as material of war.

### Futility of Isolation

Here the President and his Foreign Minister do not agree in remedies. And the cross-pull of sectional interests in the "Eight Empires" which U.S. historians count, make active co-operation with Europe as remote as ever. Only the closing of John Hay's "Open Door" in the Far East can force them to see the futility of that isolation which the Fathers of the Republic favoured long ago.

And as we all know, that fateful move to-day is full blast from Tokyo at the bidding of the two fighting Services. It is this fact which gives Mr. Cordell Hull his acutest anxiety. So he may soon make fresh advances to us on this score, just as Secretary Stimson did in vain during Hoover's luckless Presidency.

# Is Sanity Returning?

By Robert Machray

WITH their "holidays" over, Ministers and diplomatists alike are going back to their several posts, and the brief but welcome breathing space of the last two or three weeks in the tense atmosphere of Europe will be at an end. On Monday the Council of the League of Nations meets at Geneva, and while it will have to consider other matters of more or less importance, its attention will undoubtedly be concentrated on the problems presented by the Italo-Abyssinian war.

As things are, the war, which is now well into its fourth month, is still being carried on, however indecisively in the field. So far as the League is concerned, the facts are that just as it was unable to prevent the outbreak of hostilities in Africa, so it has been equally unsuccessful in stopping the conflict. It imposed trade Sanctions on Italy, and if these have fallen heavily on the Italian people at home from a material point of view, they have had the effect, on the other hand, of strengthening and consolidating the national determination to go on fighting. Spiritually, Italy is more a unit than ever before; hence fresh troops are being sent to the front without cessation.

## THOSE CURIOUS TWINS

It is expected that the Council next week will have before it oil and other onerous Sanctions, whose application is still demanded in the shrillest tones by the hot gospellers of the League, such as those curious twins Lord Cecil and the *Daily Herald*. That paper, contrary to the bulk of instructed comment, actually declares that the result of the amendment made by the American Senate to the Neutrality Bill clears the way for the oil embargo at Geneva, the truth being that co-operation with the League by the United States is made impossible by it, no matter if the peace of the world is endangered.

It may be recalled that when the oil Sanction was approved in principle last October by the League, the pith of the resolution appeared in the statement that the Sanction was to be imposed if and when it could be effective. This effectiveness, however, could be realised only with the consent and the active assistance of the United States, and perhaps of Germany, both non-members of the League, but it is now established that neither is willing to give consent and still less active assistance. In short, it is extremely difficult to understand how the Geneva Institution can do anything further in this matter.

But this does not mean that efforts to bring about peace should cease. It is perfectly clear that serious attempts are being pursued in more than one quarter to outline a basis of settlement. That Belgium has been taking a hand, behind the

diplomatic scene, is now quite well known. Other peace plans are in the air, and though the failure of the Hoare-Laval plan may seem discouraging, it remains true that the highly nervous and distracted state of Europe at the present juncture calls imperatively for the prosecution of some such effort till it succeeds.

The Italo-Abyssinian question cannot be isolated from the ensemble of the great problems which affect us all.

That was the burden of the remarkable speech delivered by Samuel Hoare after his resignation. Though he spoke primarily of Italy, it was the danger of the general, not of the particular, position of things that was in his mind. This is why that speech of his still goes echoing and re-echoing round the world, and what has since taken place has not reduced, but increased, its impressiveness and significance.

## PRESSING ITALY

There are signs in the Press that even our fatuous Government is coming to the conclusion that it will be most unwise, in view of the frightful tension of the times, to press Italy too far.

As was pointed out in the *Saturday Review* a month or so ago, the vital political fact is that the unremitting urgency of the situation in Europe demands a strong Italy for the balance of the Powers. Sir Samuel Hoare did a real service to the country and presumably indicated the attitude of the Government when early last December he said: "We are most anxious to see a strong Italy in the world, an Italy that is strong morally, physically and socially, and that is able to contribute to the world valuable assistance." That is as perfectly true to-day as it was then.

At that time Mr. Baldwin had not surrendered to the clamour of the partisans of the League and made his last prodigious wobble. He was able, a few days before the wobble, to state that if his lips were unsealed, not a man would go into the Lobby against him, and he was commonly supposed to be referring to some reckless action Mussolini might take in the Mediterranean. Mr. William Mabane, M.P. for Huddersfield and a "National" Liberal, stated in his political causerie in last week's *Sunday Referee* that this is wide of the mark, as "Italy is not seriously worrying the Cabinet. What is worrying it is much nearer home. It is German re-armament."

And he adds: "In a sense the Italo-Abyssinian affair is a smoke-screen across British eyes. It commands the headlines and diverts attention from this much more important problem." And so it seems we are getting back to fundamentals, and sanity may be returning.

## RACING

## Grand National Entries

By David Learmonth

ONE cannot enthuse greatly over the entries for this year's Grand National. There are a lot of really bad horses among those nominated, and not many good ones. In my opinion, once one has been through the small list of well-known performers, one is hard put to it to think of more than one or two steeplechasers which can be called good or even promising.

Nevertheless, there is no reason why the Grand National should not be exciting enough. If the best of the runners stand up and fight out the finishing stages it should be as interesting a race as ever.

I note that Reviewer has been nominated for the Aintree event but not for the Cheltenham Gold Cup. I had thought it would probably have been the other way round this year. This decision on the part of his owner, Mr. Benson, and his trainer, Whitaker, seems to point to the fact that the horse has been doing well since hurting his back at Sandown early in the season. I shall watch his next appearance, in public, with interest. Reviewer had a great reputation in Ireland and no one knows better than Whitaker what is required of a Grand National horse.

**Reynoldstown**

Another candidate which is to give Cheltenham a miss is Reynoldstown. I do not see how last year's winner can be allotted less than twelve stone in the handicap; but he proved at Leicester that he is a really good horse and is, moreover, very well in himself. He is a highly strung animal, and I do not expect to see him subjected to a real test before Liverpool. He will probably be given another easy race or two as part of his preparation, so any estimate as to whether he is now a better horse than he was last year will necessarily be a matter of guesswork. All the same, although it is long odds against a horse winning the race two years in succession, it is difficult to find a more suitable horse to carry one's money.

Golden Miller's Aintree chances I do not consider favourable. But I shall be interested to see what weight the handicapper gives to Lady Lindsay's Blue Prince. He ran extraordinarily well last year in spite of the fact that the saddle slipped. He has the right temperament for Aintree, and he should be there at the finish.

Belted Hero is either a much improved 'chaser or is a much better horse than I thought he was last year. In the paddock he looks clumsy; but he does not when he is galloping. However, he jumped so wretchedly at Liverpool in November that he cannot be regarded as a safe conveyance to carry any money, and I doubt if he is really the Aintree type. He seems too heavy in front.

We have not seen much of Tapinois for some time; there can, however, be little between her and

Kellsboro' Jack, on whose behalf it was claimed that he needed a gallop when the mare beat him at a difference of three pounds in the National Hunt Handicap 'chase at Cheltenham last March. The record of mares in the Grand National is not a good one, and anybody who supports one in this race has long odds against him before the start, longer odds than those likely to be obtained from any bookmaker. On the other hand, she is a very beautiful mare and a good one at that; moreover, the day is bound to come when a mare will win again.

Castle Irwell was going well when he fell last year and, so far as one can possibly tell before the weights come out, he seems to represent the best chance of all the entries made by the three brothers Anthony, one of whom seems as much pre-occupied at the moment with matters concerning the preservation of ground game as with the greatest steeplechase in the world.

**Other Entries**

Apart from this one it would be dangerous to attempt to foretell the fate of the remainder of the Anthonys' strong list of entries until we see what remain in at the acceptance stage.

Remus must be rejected as a non-stayer. Mr. Berry's enormous horse has so much to carry in getting himself from one end of the course to the other that I have seen it suggested that anything extra in the shape of a saddle, to say nothing of a jockey, makes his task too much for him. Whether this be right or wrong I will leave a professor of physics to decide—perhaps Mr. Dereck Jackson could enlighten us—but the fact remains that Remus's habit of fading away after jumping the last fence does not commend him to me for an event over four-and-a-half miles.

Beeby has several entries all of good class, and he has kept Ready Cash in his stable at a bigish price, but I would not be surprised if Delaneige did not turn out the best Liverpool proposition, in spite of his Leicester form. Mr. Snow's horse can run in the Prince of Wales Handicap Steeplechase at Sandown to-morrow.

Also engaged are Reynoldstown, who has top weight, but has only to give Delaneige four pounds more than he did when he so easily beat him at Leicester, Blue Prince, Southern Hero, Reviewer, and other horses entered in the National. Reynoldstown should easily account for Delaneige again and, as Reviewer has been away from the racecourse for sometime, he may be in want of a gallop.

If he were anything like at his best, however, he would make Major Furlong's horse put his best foot forward, so we may not see Reynoldstown among the starters. Whatever happens, unless the race cuts up unexpectedly badly, it should prove most interesting and do a lot towards clearing up the Grand National situation.



# Eve in Paris

**W**INTER-SPORT enthusiasts have reluctantly descended from mountain tops to resume their occupations in Paris, after a too brief holiday. These devotees of "le Sport," young with well-trained athletic bodies, cannot imagine how their elders were content to remain in the gloom and wet of Parisian winters, with perhaps a little run to Nice or Monte Carlo, places which make no appeal to the present generation.

France possesses glorious mountain scenery, with snow and sunshine, in Pyrénées, Vosges, the Central Plateau, but the favourite winter-playgrounds are the Mont Blanc group, comprising picturesque Mégève, where Allais, French Champion, has just won the Paris Ski-Club Trophy. Two French Cabinet Ministers have spent their holiday at Mégève. People were surprised to see the Minister of Pensions, M. Maupoil, advancing cautiously on skis, (the French of his generation knew not such exercises) and M. Lafont, watching his colleague, declared "I do not desire to be photographed, rolling in the snow."

There exists in Paris a most amusing place, the School of Ski-ing where, in a vast gymnasium, elderly persons, energetic and optimistic, do leg exercises in shorts, to strengthen muscles, and remove stiffness; they learn to descend carefully the raffia matting track which slopes gently down. "After ten lessons these pupils go off to the snow courses which are twice as slippery, and think they can ski! It takes over two years to learn the art if one has ability; if not, nearer ten," the instructor confided to a spectator.

\* \* \*

**S**TATISTICS show that annually between 15 and 16 thousand persons disappear in Paris. The missing may be classified thus: criminals (who form the majority) and those mixed up in shady transactions; victims of accidents; after these, husband or wife deserters, suicides, and sufferers from loss of memory.

To discover malefactors and suspects is, of course, police work; a branch entitled "Service of Research in the Interest of Families," at the request of relatives or representatives, endeavours to trace the mysteriously vanished, but only about half of these are found.

More men than women abandon their homes and families, but numerous are the young girls decoyed away for sinister purposes. Appeals for help to trace visitors of good position come not infrequently from Consulates and Embassies. A certain foreign lady of high rank last autumn failed to return to her hotel. At her Ambassador's request the Service of Research investigated, and discovered her eventually in St. Lazare, convicted of shop-lifting.

A strange case was that of M. ———, an eminent Man of Letters, who left his

bachelor flat some months ago and disappeared. His sister in great anxiety, set the Research Service to work. There seemed no clues, the author's affairs were in order, he had no entanglements. A book lying on his desk gave the shrewd investigators food for thought. It recommended weary brain-workers to forsake the world awhile, and take a "Bath of Forgetfulness." The detectives cleverly traced the fugitive to a quiet country inn, where he was living incognito.

\* \* \*

**A** VERY pretty wedding took place at St. Philippe du Roule when Mademoiselle d'Harcourt, daughter of Comte d'Harcourt, Major in the "Spahis Marocains," married Comte Marc de Warren, son of Count William de Warren who died for France. The good-looking bridegroom is a Lieutenant in the 29th Regiment of Dragoons. Witnesses for the bride were her uncles, Count Louis d'Harcourt, and the Marquis de Mailly-Nesle, Prince of Orange. For the bridegroom his Uncle Comte de Warren, and Colonel, Marquis de La Font-Chabert, commanding the young soldier's regiment.

The bride wore lily-hued satin, the long train, covered by her veil of priceless old lace, being borne by two charming children. The bridesmaids, Nicole and Chantal d'Harcourt, Bernadette and Bérengère de Warren, were dressed in fascinating frocks of blue velvet, with muffs to match.

\* \* \*

**T**HE almost incessant rains since Christmas caused disastrous floods, the worst since 1910 in many regions of France. Great rivers rose steadily; bridges were carried away, little streams became raging torrents. The Seine covered miles of the lower quays of Paris and attained danger point, but there appeared no immediate cause for alarm, unless weather-prophets were mistaken in foretelling the end of the downpour. Wise persons considered this possibility, and took no chances. At Bercy, in the huge wine-repositories along the river-front, great activity prevailed, the precious goods being removed to safety in cistern lorries and dwellers in riparian villages near the capital prepared for flight.

Millions of acres in the country lie under water, inundated factories are closed, and inestimable damage has been done to property, a gloomy commencement for 1936. Among minor sufferers the staffs of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs were caused great inconvenience, for the Seine flooded the basements of the Quai d'Orsay, submerging the electric light cable. Harassed Secretaries, bearing important documents, were hurriedly located in the attics, and did their best by the feeble rays of impromptu illumination.

# Decoy Pool

By Dan Russell

THE pool lay some half a mile inland, sheltered from the rough blasts which blew in from the open sea by a thick belt of pine trees. It was a longish, pear-shaped stretch of water with an area of about four acres. On either side of its narrower end was a series of short, high fences arranged so as to screen the water from the land; between the fences an arch of wire netting extended over the narrow stretch of water to form a tunnel. This tunnel of netting became gradually smaller until after a hundred yards its diameter was less than a yard. It was really like a very elongated cone lying upon its side with its apex drawn out like the leg of a stocking. This narrowed end of the tunnel was made of coarse rope netting so that it could be manipulated with greater ease by the decoyman.

On this bright wintry morning there were many wild duck on the pool. They paddled and swam on the shallow water as they searched for food. It was noticeable that they did not herd together into one vast flock, but kept each to its own little flight. But though these wild duck appeared to be busy and absorbed in their various occupations, they were in very little danger of surprise attack: for each little company had its own appointed sentry, whose vigilance did not relax for one moment. Swimming on the outside of their chattering flights these sentinels kept an unceasing watch for danger. One glimpse of a man and there would be a loud, warning "quack" and with a roar of wings the duck would be away.

## Strategy

But even as the duck fed and idled upon the pool a man was approaching over the marsh flats. Very carefully did he pick his way, keeping the screens between himself and the pool for the purpose of these fences was to allow him to approach unseen and unsuspected. A typical marshman he was. He wore a thick blue jersey and his feet were shod with rubber boots which reached to mid-thigh.

At his heels trotted a small dog. Red, he was like a fox, with a sharp, intelligent face and a bushy tail.

Slowly and cautiously the two made their way over the rough marram grass towards the pool, the man gazing intently ahead as if fearing discovery, the little dog trotting behind him. At length they were safely behind the fence which screened the pool. The decoyman peered through an eye-hole in the boards. "Good lot 'ere s'mornin'" he whispered.

The little dog looked up at him in mute enquiry. The decoyman nodded. The dog trotted round the fencing and showed himself by the pool. For a moment he stood still, then he waved his bushy tail and ran by the fence-side towards the wire

tunnel. For three yards he ran before passing out behind the screens. But the duck had seen him. Directly he had appeared a warning quack had raised every head and a multitude of eyes were fixed upon him. Those eyes had seen the twirling of the tail and had watched him disappear behind the fence. And then happened a strange thing. With one accord all those duck swam towards the place where the dog had disappeared. Their soft voices were loud in the air as they discussed this strange thing. For the weakness of the wild duck is an overweening curiosity regarding anything strange. On they swam to discover the identity of the animal which had behaved in such a mystifying way.

## The Trap

Behind the screens the decoyman and his dog moved towards the tunnel. At a nod from the man the dog showed himself again. A storm of quacking greeted his appearance. The duck swam more quickly towards the tunnel unconscious of the fact that they were heading towards their doom. Again and again the little dog showed himself, each time a few yards nearer to the tunnel. The man moved silently behind the screens directing the dog with signs.

At last the fateful moment arrived. The duck were at the very entrance of the tunnel. Would they enter or would they take fright and fly away. The decoyman scarcely dared to breathe as he watched them swimming so near and yet so far from the trap.

Once again he nodded to the dog. The little animal trotted behind the screens and entered the tunnel itself some twenty yards from the entrance. He stood upon a narrow plank over the water and waved his tail at the duck.

But some vague fear was troubling them. They quacked and jostled at the doorway, but they would not enter. The decoyman cursed as he watched. Then the dog, sensing the fact that the duck were timid, rolled over on his back and waved his legs in the air. With one accord the duck swam in to see this new marvel. The decoyman pulled a rope and a sheet of netting fell behind them. They were trapped.

The man let the dog out of the tunnel and showed himself. The panic-stricken duck fled down the netting. Down they went until they were at the narrow end where they could scarcely move. The decoyman pulled out a peg and the net collapsed upon them, holding them motionless.

One by one he pulled them out and wrung their necks. "Fifty-eight," he said, "not bad." He filled his pipe and sat down. The little red dog crouched before him. "B'aint much tew luke at, be'ee," he said, "but yew be worth a lot to I. Come up." The dog jumped up and nestled in his master's lap and together they waited for the coming of the wagon.



# RAMSAY MACDONALD-R

**M**R. BALDWIN has urged that "Ungrudging support" be given to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's candidature in the by-election for the Scottish Universities. "I regard it," adds the Prime Minister, "of the first importance that he should continue in Parliament as a Member of the Government which he did so much to bring about in 1931."

It is difficult to see why the Prime Minister attaches so much importance and pressing significance to the inclusion of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the present Cabinet. It is difficult to see what he has ever done to make him so indispensable, so necessary to the country. Surely his past history is only too well-known and his War record is one that should preclude him from any support or recognition by those who are loyal to the Crown, and who obviously regarded his appointment as Prime Minister with shame.



Mr. Churchill chatting to a supporter

By . . .

Meriel Buchanan

Remember his speeches and activities during the war, examine his support of the Russian revolutionaries, and see how deeply involved he was in traitorous dealings against his country. The Convention of May 23rd, 1917, calling on England to follow Russia, signed, amongst others, by Ramsay MacDonald, is well known, but there are other sayings of this ex-Prime Minister which have not been so widely circulated and which should be remembered by those who are being coerced into voting for him as a suitable Member to represent the Scottish Universities in Parliament.

On March 11th, 1915, for example, he said: "Wars are popular, contractors make profits, the aristocracy glean honours." On April 8th of the same year he addressed the Labour Conference at Norwich and used the following words: "The Independent Labour Party must work for an agreement with the workers of the world. Beneath the uniforms of the soldiers now engaged in fighting us, are workmen, miners, textile workers engineers, railwaymen. Our workmen are joining hands with them, fighting the common enemy in every land, capitalism, militarism, secret diplomacy." Again, in a war-time pamphlet signed by Ramsay MacDonald, we find these words. "Russia demands that democracy must rule, since the guilt and doom of rulers have been traced in the blood of millions. We are at one with Russia in striving for a people's peace." Did he not also in 1919 declare that the Russian revolution was "the greatest event in the history of the world" and add "the attacks that have been made against it by the frightened ruling classes and hostile capitalists should rally to its defence everyone who cares for political liberty and freedom of thought?"

This is the man who has been twice Prime Minister of England and twice ignominiously has failed.

What did he do for his country while he was in office? He brought it to the verge of bankruptcy.

# FRIEND OF RUSSIA



Mr. Randolph Churchill being chaired from his adoption meeting

further away from the Conservative principles and ideals of which he is the prime representative, and though Mr. Randolph Churchill has been loth to doubt the Leader's loyalty to the Conservative Party, the Prime Minister's support of Mr. Ramsay

MacDonald and of his son leaves us sadly doubtful of this 'loyalty.'

"I assume that as he is the leader of the Conservative Party he would rather have a Conservative supporter in the House of Commons than one whose affiliations are nondescript." Mr. Randolph Churchill said on January 11th, but apparently Mr. Baldwin has no such niceties, no such affections for his old traditions for he does not seem over eager for more Conservative supporters in the House as it might interfere with his supreme dictatorship.

The *Daily Express* has emphasised the almost comic dilemma now facing the Conservative Central Office. Mr. Winston Churchill's brilliant and courageous son has given up his holiday to return to fight this election he has been adopted by the Conserva-

He urged "by hook or by crook" the recognition of the Soviet Government. He received the murderers of the King's cousin with open arms. With his smug, hypocritical, sentimental twaddle of "Peace and Disarmament" he reduced England to such a state that the country now lies defenceless and unarmed in a world armed as it has never been before.

And yet Mr. Baldwin says that it is of the first importance that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should be included in the Cabinet!

In his speech to the Ross and Cromarty Conservative Association on January 11th, Mr. Randolph Churchill spoke of the "long long trail of intrigue and manipulation" that lay behind the acceptance of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald by the Unionist Committees. It would be interesting to know who has done all this wire pulling?

Mr. Baldwin seems to be drifting further and

tive Association of Ross and Cromarty as the official Conservative Candidate, and as such he is entitled to receive the support of the Central Office and of the Conservative Organisation. But how is this possible when Mr. Baldwin, the Leader of the Conservative Party, supports Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, and Mr. Morrison, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, has announced his intention of speaking for the latter? Can Mr. Baldwin continue to be the leader of the Conservative Party after this awkward situation? Has he not, whichever way the election goes, forfeited his right to that title for good and all?

In order not to split the National vote, Mr. Randolph Churchill has, with great political generosity, offered to stand down if Mr. Malcolm MacDonald will make the same sacrifice, but the latter is imbued with the desire to get into Parliament at all costs and has not the interests of his country so much at heart as Mr. Randolph Churchill.

# "The Boy Emperor of China"

By D. Agar-Ellis

ON top of the autonomy move in North China, comes the news that many influential monarchists are working for the restoration of Pu-Yi, the former "Boy Emperor" of China. There is a growing belief in North China that stability can only be obtained through a central government headed by a leader who has other claims on the loyalty of those he rules than a longer purse, or a larger army than those of his rivals. It is for this reason that the possibility of a Manchu restoration is appreciably nearer than it has been at any time during the last few years.

The Chinese have a proverb which says that "He who emerges with his life from great perils will have a prosperous and happy future." If this be true, no man can have a greater expectation of a happy life than Keng Teh, Emperor of Manchuria, to give him his new title, formerly Pu-Yi, Emperor of China. Born into the corrupt twilight of the Manchu court in 1906, Pu-Yi was destined to become emperor at the age of three, and to abdicate in 1912, a brief reign of little more than two years.

## Compromise

China is a land of compromise, and after the Revolution of 1911 the emperor was allowed to retain his imperial titles and state, and with his family and household continued to reside in the Forbidden City in Peking until 1924. An account of the emperor's life during these long years has been written by Sir Reginald Johnston, his English tutor, together with many hitherto unknown details of the life of "the purple Manchu court" in the hour of its twilight. The elaborate ceremony of centuries hedged round the young "puppet" emperor, and, though the domain he ruled was limited by the walls of his palace city, he was surrounded by the same pomp and circumstance which was accorded to his predecessors when they ruled the teeming millions of the vast Chinese Empire. The atmosphere of intrigue which animated the Manchu court was the very worst influence for a growing boy, and it says much for his strength of character that he realised his true position in spite of the empty show around him.

Every innovation suggested by the progressive young emperor was immediately opposed by the palace officials. When he wished to go outside the Forbidden City to visit friends or relations, it was said that he would be molested by republicans; when he wished to have a telephone installed in the palace, they declared that impertinent people would be ringing him up continually; and his wish to dispense with his queue, or pigtail, was greeted with the strongest opposition, and by frank incredulity that he could thus wish to dishonour the traditions of his family. However, even the conservatism of his relations could not prevent the "Boy Emperor" from having his own way at

last. By the time he was sixteen, he had bought his own car, had the telephone installed in his private suite, and cut off his queue with his own hand.

As the years passed the political horizon became more and more clouded. Rival warlords fought and plotted at the very gates of Peking, and it became evident that the emperor's life in the Forbidden City was drawing to a close. He himself felt more and more, as he grew older, the ignominy of his position as virtual pensioner of a hostile government, and he therefore looked upon the prospect of freedom with more pleasure than foreboding. In spite of its splendours, the Forbidden City was more of a prison than a palace.

## Expelled

Towards the end of 1924 the blow fell at last. Feng Yü-hsiang, the "Christian General," outwitted his opponents and captured Peking.

One of his first acts was to take possession of the Forbidden City and expel the emperor. For a time his safety was despaired of, for there was a definite plot on foot to take his life, but eventually he found a haven at the Japanese Legation, largely owing to the efforts of Sir Reginald Johnston. The "Boy Emperor" had found safety and freedom at last, but it was a sad day for the Manchu Imperial family to know that he owed his escape to a foreigner.

After a few months in the Legation Quarter in Peking, Pu-Yi spent nearly seven interminable years in the Japanese Concession at Tientsin. During these weary years of waiting for the new dawn whose coming he never despaired of, he provided an unprotected target for the abuse which was hurled upon him once more by all sections of the republican press. An organisation known as the Anti-Manchu League clamoured loudly for the execution of the emperor and his supporters, and many writers execrated the Son of Heaven as a vicious degenerate unworthy of a place in the new Chinese Democracy.

But while this same Chinese Democracy was rent with plot and counter-plot, there were still many whose loyalty to the emperor had not wavered with the passing of time. In response to the entreaties of these loyal monarchists, and the approval of the Japanese, the emperor returned in 1931 to Manchuria, the home of his forefathers, and placed himself at the head of an independent government. Shortly afterwards he ascended the throne, as Emperor of the Empire of Manchuria.

No one will be so rash as to predict what the future may hold for this able young man, who, though not yet thirty, has seen more of the vicissitudes of life than any other reigning sovereign, but it seems probable that his future will be inextricably mixed up with the future of the vast empire over which he used to rule.



# Quintessence of Socialism

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

**I**F anyone doubts that Socialism reigns supreme in this country, let him turn to the daily incidents of life in our towns and learn therefrom how socialistic theory and socialised practice, so widely established, have atrophied the brains of our officials and destroyed the conscience of many of our people.

The tenants of the municipal houses in Leeds, for example, are £17,000 in arrears with rent, and since the Socialists introduced the differential rent scheme, whereby the tenants are supposed to pay rents according to their means, the arrears have increased by about £10,000. It was in March, 1934, that the Socialist City Council, led by a parson, decided to inquire into all the details of the financial positions of the city's tenants and to alter the rents accordingly. Where a man had little income he should pay little rent, and the man next door, if he made more money, should pay a larger rent to make up the loss.

The position was summed up in the first week of this year by the present chairman of the Leeds' Housing Committee, a Conservative in consequence of the last elections, as follows:

## PERFECTION

"The scheme was an attempt to fit rent to income—to ability to pay. A small income meant low rent; little or no income, no rent. In theory, I admit, the scheme is perfect. If it worked, a tenant would pay in rent and rates only what he could afford to pay. He should have no difficulty in paying the rent assessed. In practice, the scheme has proved an absolute failure.

"There is something wrong somewhere when we have an increase of £10,000 in rent arrears while the scheme has been in operation. Under this 'perfect' scheme the number of houses increased by 878; the rent arrears by £4,960. That was bad enough. During the six months ended last October, the arrears accumulated at the rate of £800 a month. And yet rents had been adjusted to fit incomes. Employment, too, showed an all-round improvement."

There is only one thing more astonishing than the fact that any person not mentally deficient should expect such a scheme to work, and that is that a Conservative councillor should be capable of the remark. "In theory, I admit, the scheme is perfect." It is just this contradictory and nonsensical attitude on the part of professed Conservatives, of suggesting that Socialism would be perfect "if only it would work," that is responsible for the virtual triumph of Socialism to-day; yet only a moment's thought is needed to prove that socialistic theories are not

only as imperfect as socialistic performances, but subversive to morality into the bargain.

Where a bad workman and a good workman receive the same rate of pay, the better inevitably comes to lower his standard, and the effect of such a system is not only to slow down production, but to undermine character. Similarly, when the man who makes the effort to provide a decent home for his family finds that he will be made to pay, in consequence of his efforts, a higher rent, not for any benefit to his own home, but to the benefit of the less worthy or the less capable, he naturally loses all incentive and can pursue but one of two courses. He can, if he is able to find alternative accommodation, leave the city council house, which will then be occupied by someone poorer or less honest, who will help to pile up the arrears. In the end the ratepayers must meet these arrears. Or he may slowly come to the conclusion that effort is not worth while, since those who do not make it are better treated than he, and that at the expense of better men.

## WORK REFUSED

To this attitude, which has grown enormously throughout the country, he will be helped by such reports—not rare—as that which appeared in a Leeds' newspaper on the same day as the publication of the state of affairs with regard to the municipal houses. A man of thirty-six years of age, who was described by the relieving officer as having received approximately £879 18s. in relief for himself and his family, *excluding* coal allowance, dentures, and maternity benefit, refused work planting trees at a wage of £2 12s. a week because he expected shortly to receive £2 17s. in relief, "as he was entitled to that amount under the scale"!

Whether the modest ratepayers whose slender resources had been rooked to provide this young man with nearly a thousand pounds—excluding false teeth and whatnot—felt themselves really repaid when he was sentenced to twenty-eight days' hard labour, we do not know. But what is most appallingly obvious, from the many incidents similar to these, is that socialistic theories and socialistic practice reign triumphant in our towns, to the death alike of conscience and of sound finance.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the "Saturday Review" from their news-agents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

## CORRESPONDENCE

**"This Torch of Freedom"**

SIR,—The following extract from Mr. Baldwin's "Book of Speeches and Addresses" may be of interest. Page 16—bottom.

"We decide or debate, carefully and in person, all matters of policy, holding not that words and deeds go ill together, but that acts are foredoomed to failure when undertaken undiscussed. For we are noted for being most adventurous in action, and most reflective beforehand."

"Other men are bold in ignorance, while reflection will stop their onset."

This cannot refer to the present casual Cabinet, for never have any political body in power dropped so low in the history of England.

After the most shipshod way of giving instructions to a Foreign Secretary over the Laval-Hoare peace proposals which have resulted in the overthrow of Sir Samuel Hoare, a swollen-headed Foreign Office puppet takes his place with his eyes on the camera always, whose pictures nauseate the public. When one thinks of the dignified and worthy former Ministers for Foreign Affairs who were men of eminence and made England respected, one feels that her old prestige is now a thing of the past.

The *Saturday Review* is one of the few papers that does not give political dope to the public and the writer is helping its circulation in every way possible, for it does tell the truth without fear and deserves support from all who love England

WELLWISHER.

**Mr. Baldwin and Pontius Pilate**

SIR,—Mr. Baldwin has bowed to "public opinion." So, 1,900 odd years ago did a Roman Provincial Governor, famous—or infamous—in history.

In both cases the "opinion" was only that of a small, but noisy, minority, in no way representing the real public.

But there the parallel ceases. For Pilate had a howling Oriental mob at his gate; his very life might have been imperilled. Mr. Baldwin ran no risks of even having the windows of Downing Street broken. Pilate was under an Emperor of peremptory character, and a riot in his Province, even if he escaped for the time with his life, might mean the loss of his head, or at best a term of disagreeable exile. Mr. Baldwin—unhappily—is not in the same position.

Lastly, Pilate formally renounced all responsibility for the consequences of yielding to "public opinion." Mr. Baldwin, apparently, is as ready to accept it as he was in the case of India.

Let us hope that history will deal him equal justice.

(Rev.) ELLIS G. ROBERTS, M.A. (Oxon.)

Orleigh, Ipplepen,  
Newton Abbot.

**Chastise the Cabinet**

SIR,—Why confine your back cover to kicking Ramsay's armour-clad sit-upon? Kick the whole Cabinet who are playing up to the Socialist gang, who are sucking up to Moscow, who are after wrecking the British Empire, and who will be "see-threeing" when the recruiting offices multiply and Baldwin has buncoed us into another war.

A.R.D.

London, S.W.

**League of Nations Union Cranks**

SIR,—The folly and irresponsibility of the League of Nations advocates is incredible. Here we have Viscount Cecil communicating to the *Daily Hera'd* above all papers (what a "come down" for a Cecil!), "British people would no doubt intensely dislike having to defend themselves against an Italian attack. But, since the attack would be in reprisal for League action, we should have a right under the Covenant to the support of all other

members of the League, including France, and we should no doubt receive it."

What a disingenuous, misleading statement! Lord Cecil knows perfectly well that Cuba, Ecuador, Panama, Uruguay, Liberia and others have no Army or Navy at all, and Russia would lead England up the garden, as she did in the last war.

Then again, there is the Archbishop of York who is reported to have said in America "It may be necessary to have another great and horrible war in order to establish the efficacy of the League of Nations. Just as it took the last war to create the League, so it might require another conflict to consolidate the League's position."

I note that neither of these League warmongers have children. I have three sons of military age, and I am terrified lest the pernicious propaganda of these fire-eaters should cause me to sacrifice my boys for semi-barbarous Abyssinia.

ANXIOUS PARENT.

**Apathy and True Conservatism**

SIR,—What is Apathy?—The want of feeling or indifference.

And is this not the state of many (I might say millions of) people in England, not only in the present day, but for many years past. If any burning question of the day arises which may affect the welfare of not only Great Britain but the Empire as a whole, and one tries to bring this vital question home to the people, what is the result? Apathy and Funk!

One is met with the answers, "What is the good?" "I can't bother about that." "I know nothing about politics." "I have enough to do with my own affairs." "Our M.P. will see to that" (but he does not). "It is really disgraceful, but what can I do, and what will my neighbour say or think if I sign your petition? No, I would rather not," etc., etc.

"What is the good?" That is a combination of apathy and funk. If everyone said that and acted on it, nothing would be done in this world, and humanity would gradually snuff out. Of course there is no good if no one will act for good, but it has to be borne in mind that those who work for evil are forever active, and determined to undermine all good deeds; it is therefore necessary that every Conservative should discard this so general but senseless expression, and support a Cause which is formed as a framework to withstand the evil intentions of all those who are out to ruin the Empire as well as the Individual.

E. MOUL,

The True Conservative Cause.

Hollybank, Woking.

[Unfortunately, what our correspondent says is only too true. Apathy, cowardice, and the mistaken fear of "letting the Socialists in" skilfully implanted by Mr. Baldwin is undermining the very foundations of the Conservative Party.—ED.]

**He's Evil in Scotland as well**

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Your circular has just arrived. And do the defalcations of Ramsay MacDonald apply only to England? He has done just as much harm to Scotland.

I agree with your sentiments about the late Prime Minister and so do thousands of my fellow voters in the Scottish Universities Constituency. But why send to Scotsmen a circular in which the word "England" is used throughout, when "Britain" is intended?

Scotland has given more to the British Empire than it has ever had in return and, if it happened also to give Ramsay MacDonald, it was England that put him in power. Perhaps the truest remark in your circular was the last, "You English will always be fools."

But notwithstanding, may your circular have some effect!

T. A. ROSS.

Beechmount, Larbert,  
Stirlingshire.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

## Scandal in Scotland

DEAR MADAM,—

May I say how heartily I agree with your published opinions about the late Prime Minister.

As a graduate of Edinburgh University I have a Parliamentary vote there.

The idea of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald representing such a constituency makes me shudder, particularly, perhaps, because I knew his predecessor well. He, at least, was a gentleman, and I do not use the word in any snobbish sense.

I have been a life-long Conservative, but if anyone, be he Socialist or Communist, opposes Mr. MacDonald, he will certainly get my vote.

Do use your great influence to expose this humbug—the man who made, I understand, a great sacrifice.

That sacrifice consisted as far as I ever have been able to see, in this, letting down his friends and tearfully giving up his very great position as Prime Minister so that he might remain Prime Minister.

If in any way I can help you to avoid the tragedy of the Scottish Universities having such a representative I will do anything in my power, however small it may be.

F. G. HARPER, M.C., M.D.

Spilsby Vicarage,  
Lincolnshire.

## An Appreciation

MADAM,

The publishers of the *Saturday Review* have forwarded me your pamphlet, "What the Late Prime Minister Has Done for England." I have read it with interest, and I have followed your courageous activities in other directions.

Without necessarily agreeing with them in each and every respect, may I say, as a person of little consequence, that your actions appear to me inspired by sincerity, and I trust you may be long spared to continue your good work.

WM. J. C. BRIGGS.

3, Steningford Road, Shipley.

## The League of Nations and Morality

SIR,—There is a scathing exposure of the League of Nations in Mr. D. Jerrold's new book, "They That Take the Sword." For the benefit of your readers who have not time to read it, I trust you will allow me to give the purport of his argument:

"The real purpose of the Versailles Treaty was nothing less fantastic than a closed world political system, in the absence of a closed moral order, without the support of any tradition, sentiment or loyalty."

The League of Nations was a mere piece of machinery, unable to realise the ideals which its upholders cherished because it rested on no moral basis. The sole criterion of League justice is the observation of the letter of the Covenant; having no moral criterion, the League cannot adjudicate whether treaties between nations are just.

"Man was made to serve God; not to serve the race or to superintend a peace organisation."

"The laws of God and the laws of Nature are alike unknown to the jurists of the League."

Some of our ministers of religion would do well to weigh the above statements before again appealing to the League of Nations on moral grounds and the principles of Christian religion.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[According to the Covenant the League is empowered to adjudicate on the justice of Treaties. Whether it is ever likely to do so is another matter.—Ed.]

## Wanted—A Conservative Leader

SIR,—“Baldwin must go,” by which I do not mean that he must no longer lead the National Party in Parliament, but that it is no longer desirable that he should pose as the leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons. It was by driving, not leading, that Mr. Baldwin got the help of the Conservatives to push the India Bill, which is a Socialist measure, on to the Statute Book. He pointed out, with absolute truth, that on no account must the support of the National Party be split, as that would risk the return of the Socialists, and then woe betide the Empire!

Driven by the crack of Mr. Baldwin's whip, many Conservatives, who hated the India Bill, felt obliged to help it on its way to the Statute Book. I think it is to be feared that many Conservatives may think that, now the India Bill is on the Statute Book, nothing more can be done; but it must be remembered that the many evils attaching to the India Bill have still to be met, and dealt with, as they come along.

If this is to be done satisfactorily it must be done by Conservatives, and I hold that it is necessary that an accredited and recognised leader of the Conservatives should be appointed in the House of Commons, to whom the Government of the day would have to give attention, as to any other Opposition leader. I do not think that the man who positively whipped the India Bill on to the Statute Book can be trusted to deal with its faults, when they come up for consideration. It is as Leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons that “Baldwin must go.”

OLD CONSERVATIVE.

Bedford.

[The writer of this letter has had a distinguished career as an Indian Civil Servant.—Ed.]

## Common Sense Emigration

SIR,—There is an interesting relationship between the two masterly articles in your current issue, “The Dog in the Manger” and “The Cant of Soviet Conversion.”

If Soviet propaganda is accepted by the working classes of this country, it is because poverty and discontent are notoriously fecund breeding-grounds for the revolutionary bacilli. And if emigration is regarded as an unwelcome adventure, it is because the “dope” of the dole has so deadened natural instincts that a certain pittance is valued infinitely more highly than great expectations.

Both situations being essentially mental are susceptible of remedial treatment by constructive propaganda. I suggest that a working-man's supplement or special edition of the *Saturday Review* should be published and circulated freely, if necessary, to counter-act undesirable habits of thought.

And, giving practical point to this educational work, that a Committee or Commission of some kind should be set up to deal constructively with the emigration problem.

If possible, we must first ascertain to what extent England is overcrowded. Can our economists reach any degree of unanimity on that point? Then we must remember that we are dealing with a group who have been systematically robbed of the natural instinct for adventure. They have been made helpless parasites. Therefore we must not expect them to move without inducement. The solution to that is subsidised emigration. They must be guaranteed a livelihood. We must rely on the new land of their adoption to revive in them and to breed in their children that sturdy spirit of independence which marks the successful pioneer in any field of endeavour.

Socialism only finds a footing in our body politic because Capitalism is laggard in dealing constructively with national problems.

18, Horbury Crescent,  
Notting Hill Gate, London, W.11.

J. F. DAVIDSON.

## "SAWDUST CAESAR"

By Meriel Buchanan

IT would seem that we have not done enough to alienate the Italians and break the bonds of friendship which for years have held us to Italy. We have gone back on all our promises and war-time agreements, we have allowed England to be undermined by the most shameless and scurrilous anti-Italian propaganda; we have openly announced ourselves as the leaders in the Sanctionist stranglehold on Italy; we have sent arms to Abyssinia, in order that a black race may kill the sons of the soldiers who fought for us during the war. And now we allow the publication of a book slandering Signor Mussolini, throwing mud at all he has done, decrying and belittling all his achievements.

Space and time do not permit me to go into the details of the libels in Mr. George Selde's book "Sawdust Caesar," published by Arthur Barker (a happy title that might perhaps be changed into "The Caesar Who Never Slips"), but I would like most emphatically and categorically to deny one statement made in this book, and given prominence in the leading article in the *Daily Herald* of January 13th. "The Fascist war of 1921 and 1922," says this article, "was sheer gangsterdom against peaceful Labour organisation carried out for money with the connivance of the police and with arms supplied by the Chief of the

Staff, now Marshal Badoglio. It was not against Bolshevism, but against the Co-operative Movement, the Labour Unions, the Social Democrats and the Catholics. It was mercenary gangsterdom of the vilest kind. The slaying of the Red Dragon is one myth, the march on Rome another. . . ."

I was in Rome from 1919 till the end of 1922 and I know only too well that the Bolshevik peril was not a myth but very real, and intensely serious. The strikes and uprisings of those days had nothing to do with "peaceful Labour Organisations," they were the direct result of propaganda directed with Communist skill from Moscow. Had they succeeded Italy would have become the vassal of Russia, ruled by Lenin from the Kremlin, a danger to the civilisation and security of the rest of Europe. Inspired by Mussolini, the young Fascists fought this menace and drove Lenin's paid agitators back to Moscow deprived of their victory.

To publish this book at a moment of tension and strained feelings shows a remarkable, one might almost say a criminal recklessness, though doubtless both the publisher and the author will reap a large sum of money through publicity and the curiosity of ignorant people. I cannot feel that they should be congratulated. We have done nothing during the last few months to earn the respect or affection of Italy, but we have rather earned the contempt of the world in general by our treatment of her and our lack of loyalty to an old friend, and now we add this insult to the many we have imposed on her and add to the growing danger of a war for which we are in no way prepared.

## Epics of the Prairies

are to be found in the lives of the clergy in Western Canada.

With meagre reduced salaries, amidst daily anxieties, these men face sacrifice and suffering, unflinchingly, for the sake of the extension of the Kingdom of God. Many parishes cover an area of over one thousand square miles.

Such heroes are worthy of all possible assistance from Church people in the homeland.

Will you strengthen their hands by enabling us to send out greatly increased grants-in-aid?

Contributions should be addressed to  
THE SECRETARY,

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**COLONIAL  
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## Latest Fiction

There is beauty, charm and humour in Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke's "Crusade" (Jarrolds), and perhaps the only unsatisfying part of the tale is the ending which seems to leave the hero and his author somewhat "in the air." It is a difficult theme Mr. Croft-Cooke has chosen for his novel, this "crusade" of a railway clerk who has suddenly been converted, and it must be said for Mr. Croft-Cooke that he develops it with extraordinarily skill and a sympathetic understanding of a humbly devout character.

Mr. Jerrard Tickell's "See How They Run" (Heinemann) is a delightfully written love and adventure story, distinguished for its clever characterisation and its frequent flashes of humour.

"A Brother For Richard," by A. R. and R. K. Weekes (Ward, Lock), is the tale of a squire and his two sons, one of them illegitimate, and of the vicissitudes that befell the legitimate one.

"Passing Holloway Road," by A. T. Rich (Skeffington), is an impressive psychological study of abnormal adolescence affected by a hidden fear.

Three German ex-soldiers, unable to find employment, are the heroes of "Three of the Three Million," by Leonard Frank (Lane, the Bodley Head), a simply told but interesting story.

The early beginnings of Mormonism are set out in extremely lurid and dramatic fashion in "The Wives of the Prophet," by Sydney Bell (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.).

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## New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

**P**ROFESSOR ARTHUR BERRIEDALE KEITH is a recognised authority on the constitutional law affecting the British Empire and his latest book on the subject, entitled "The Governments of the British Empire" (Macmillan, 21s.), is encyclopædic in its comprehensiveness.

The first part of this work is devoted to a description of the manner in which sovereignty is now distributed among the Governments of the Empire and the second part to a more detailed consideration of the several Governments with special reference to the problems of the present day.

Professor Keith notes how, without formal change, the Executive in the United Kingdom has greatly increased its authority over Parliament, has acquired a large measure of legislative authority and has been invested with far-reaching judicial functions, thus effecting a revolutionary alteration in the distribution of sovereignty within the State.

And if these changes provoke uncomfortable reflections those that have affected and are affecting the relations between the Mother Country and outlying portions of the Empire are to Professor Keith even more disturbing.

### Empire Weaknesses

In his contemplation of Imperial relationships, indeed, Professor Keith shows himself to be more than a little pessimistic.

He stresses the fact that in the last decade there has been "a determined and successful effort to destroy the existing fabric of the Empire in order to assert the autonomy of the Dominions. The motive power has come from the three Dominions which in point of population are least British, if we restrict that term to cover English and Scottish (Canada, South Africa and the Irish Free State.)"

And not only has there been no sign of the co-operation that was expected to be the natural result of the grant of full autonomy, but—to Professor Keith a very serious symptom—there has also been a "widespread failure to realise the fundamental importance of the rule of law."

So far as India is concerned, Professor Keith, not unnaturally, does not display any great enthusiasm over the "complex and artificial scheme" of Federation which has been foisted on that country by our semi-Socialist Government.

After noting the Indian demand for complete independence and the very grave dangers it involves for India itself, he goes on sadly to reflect that the Dominion policy of excluding Asiatics will "render the presence of India in the Empire difficult to maintain permanently."

### Nelson's Emma

Emma Lady Hamilton has had many biographers, but the fault of most of them, Mr. Edmund B. D'Auvergne thinks, is that they idealised her too much.

That is one of his excuses for embarking upon yet another biography of the much-written of lady,

though not the main one, his principal reason being just simply that he wanted to write it.

One need not quarrel with his excuses, since he has given us on the whole a delightful book and a just summing up of Emma Hamilton's life and career ("Dear Emma," illustrated, Harrap, 10s. 6d.). This is his final verdict:—

"Some inherent indestructible charm she possessed, some charm which not even Romney has been able to transmit, for that charm was not wholly of the body and was most potent, as we have tried to tell, when she had waxed, in the eyes of contemporaries, 'enormous.' It lay not in her mind, which was common, nor in her manners. Emma might have been a great courtesan—she was, in fact, to use a word seldom applied to women, a great lover. Those who had lain in her arms—Fetherstonhaugh, Greville, Hamilton, Nelson—never ceased to like her. To them she remained always 'the dear Emma,' and to the greatest of England's sea kings the most precious thing on earth."

It is difficult for posterity to understand how the Government of the day persuaded itself wholly to ignore the earnestly expressed behests of Nelson to the nation on the eve of his last great victory, but the ways of politicians have always been passing strange and that perhaps is the only explanation for the "illogical liberality," which rewarded so highly Nelson's brother "who had less share in contributing to the victory of Trafalgar than the meanest clerk in the Navy," pensioned off Lady Nelson with a rather paltry £2,000 a year, disregarded Emma entirely and presented little Horatia with nothing more than a Royal licence permitting her to assume the name of Nelson.

This "adopted daughter," about whom Nelson once wrote that he "would steal white bread sooner than she should starve," was, Mr. D'Auvergne believes, neither Emma's child nor Nelson's, but was "borrowed (by Emma) in order to rivet Nelson for ever to his enchantress"—an interesting theory to support which there is not lacking a certain amount of evidence.

### The Volatile Figaro

Napoleon prided himself on being the maker of his own destiny. Beaumarchais, the watchmaker's son, who rose from obscurity to a position of alternating fame and notoriety in the eighteenth century, looked upon himself rather as the sport of fickle Fortune.

"My struggle for my own small career," he said pathetically towards the end of his life, "developed into a mass struggle which I did not desire." Fate in fact drove him along a road which he would have avoided had he known whither it was leading.

Looking back into the past he asked himself "What was I really?" He had had a truly variegated career and his life had been full of apparent inconsistencies.

He had been watchmaker and inventor, author and speculator, shipowner and publisher, adviser and antagonist to the monarchy, fearful of revolution, yet its propagator through hostility to the throne and support of America and her "Rights of Man," contractor to the terrorists and very nearly their victim, accused and judge.



Always he had endeavoured to adapt himself to ever-changing circumstances, yet somehow he had never been quite secure; lauded one moment to the skies, and at the next hated and despised.

Yet the answer Beaumarchais gave himself was the simple one, "I was only myself."

He was in fact an adventurer and charlatan who believed in his own good nature and was puzzled that he should so often be misunderstood.

His biography at the hands of Paul Frischauer (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, illustrated, 21s.), reveals the many-sidedness of an extraordinary character, while helping to resolve the puzzle that the author of those two famous comedies "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Barber of Seville" was to himself (and one imagines) to many of his own contemporaries.

### "This Blessed Plot . . . This England"

Professor R. G. Stapledon takes the oft-quoted line from Shakespeare's Richard II as the text for the thorough-going policy of land utilisation and reclamation he so earnestly advocates in "The Land Now and To-morrow" (Faber and Faber, illustrated, 15s.).

In his view our land surface and our culture are interwoven. He would promote the contact between country and town in every possible direction. Regarding rational outdoor recreation as a form of rural-mindedness, he would shorten the

working week to four days and set about establishing national parks where every opportunity would be afforded for out-of-door leisure occupations.

Most people are now agreed that the land could produce considerably more than it does and could find room for the employment of a large proportion of our present unemployed. Professor Stapledon particularly emphasises the importance of maintaining the land in good heart.

"From the national point of view I have not the least hesitation in asserting that it is the condition of the land itself that matters, infinitely more than what any particular parcel of land may happen to produce over any large period of time.

"I say this for two reasons: the first, because the quality of the farmer himself is of greater national value than the particular wares he may have for sale either this year or next, twenty or fifty years hence. My second reason—which is fundamental—is that in the realm of material things the function of British agriculture is to save the nation from starvation in times of emergency and crisis.

"The more able and creatively-minded the farmers, and the higher the state of fertility of every available acre of the land surface of the country, by that much longer will the nation be able to withstand a siege, and by that much more quickly will the nation be in a position to adjust its methods of farming to unpleasant necessity.

"The fact is generally completely overlooked that catastrophes nearly as great as war can still sweep over vast surfaces of the globe and that a country over-dependent on imported food might at any time find itself with certain shelves in its larder almost completely bare."

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# The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

**ABERFELDY**, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

**ALEXANDRIA**, Dumbartonshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

**AVIEMORE**, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

**AYLESBURY**. — Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

**BAMBURGH**, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

**BELFAST**. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

**BLACKPOOL**. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

**BOURNE END**, Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

**BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE**. — Riggs Hotel. Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles. Yachting, fishing.

**BRACKNELL**, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

**BRIGHTON**, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

**BROADSTAIRS**, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

**BURFORD**, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

**BURY ST. EDMUNDS**, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns., W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

**CALLENDER**, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

**CAMBRIDGE**. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

**CARDIFF**. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

**CLOVELLY**. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

**CLYNDERWEN**. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

**COMRIE**, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

**CONISTON**, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

**DOWDERRY**, CORNWALL. — Sea View Hotel. Bed., 9. Annex 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

**DULVERTON**, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

**DUNDEE**. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

**ELY**, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/- Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- Boating.

**FALMOUTH**, Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Veau. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

**GLASGOW**, W.2. — Belhaven Hotel. 22 to 26 Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/- Tennis, golf.

**GLASGOW**, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

**GREAT MALVERN**, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

**GULLANE**, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

**HAMILTON**, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E. 25/- Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

**HASLEMERE**, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

**HERNE BAY**. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

**ILFRACOMBE**, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

**ROYAL CLARENCE** Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

**INVERARY**. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

**KESWICK**, English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

**KIBWORTH**. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C., and B.F.S.S. appointed.

**LANGOLLEN**. — Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

**LANWRTYD WELLS**, Central Wales. — Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum., £4 15/- W.E., 30/- Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

**LOCH AWE**, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmailly 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

**LONDON**. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

**GORE** Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

**GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL**, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- Bridge.

**HOTEL STRATHCONA**, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

**SHAFTESBURY** Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

**THE PLAZA** Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 15/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

**LOSSIEMOUTH**, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 30/- to 45/- Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

**LYNMOUTH**, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

**MORTEHOE**, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- W.E., £1 7/- Golf, bathing.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**. — Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/- Golf, fishing, bathing.

**OTTERBURN HALL** Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/- 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

**NEWTON STEWART**, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

**NITON**, Nr. Ventor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

**OCKHAM**, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/- Golf.

**PADSTOW**, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

**PAIGNTON**, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

**PERTH**, Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/- Garden.

**PETERBOROUGH**. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

**PLYMOUTH**, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

**PORTPATRICK**, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

**RICHMOND**, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

**RIPON**, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/- Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

**ROSS-ON-WYE**. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

**SALISBURY**, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

**SALOP**. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

**SCARBOROUGH**, Yorks. — Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/- Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

**THE RAVEN HALL** Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/- Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

**SIDMOUTH**. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

**SOUTH Uist**, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

**STOKE-ONTRENT**. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- Lun., 2/- Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

**STOCKBRIDGE**, HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d., double, 14s. Golf, trout fishing.

**STRANRAER**, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

**TEIGNMOUTH**, Devon. — Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

**TEWKESBURY**, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

**TORQUAY**. — The Grand Hotel, Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

**PALM COURT** Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

**TYNDRUM**, Perthshire. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/- Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

**VIRGINIA** Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

**WALTON-ON-NAZE**. — Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

**WARWICK**. — Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 6. Pens., from 4/1 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/- Golf, Leamington, 1 1/2 miles. Tennis.

**WINDERMERE**. — Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E. £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

**YARMOUTH**. — Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3/12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

## HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

**BLACKPOOL**. — Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

**BOURNEMOUTH**. — Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

**BRIGHTON**. — Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing Sea. Telephone: 434711.

**BRIGG**, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

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# THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

## Australia Divided over Immigration

From an Australian Correspondent

HOW difficult it will be to renew immigration to Australia is shown by the rigid objections of the Premiers of two States within a day of the revelation of the Federal Government's proposals, tentative as these are.

The strength of the opposition is the more striking because it comes from two States whose current politics are different.

Although the Federal Government's initiative does not appear to go beyond consultation with the States, Mr. Philip Collier, Premier of West Australia, calls the proposed renewal of immigration "sheer madness."

West Australia occupies approximately one-third of the Continent. With her sparse population and her dependence upon the pastoral, agricultural and mining industries, she stands to gain more, probably, than any other State—economically and politically—from an increase in population.

A Labour Government is in power in the West, and the Labour Parties throughout Australia fear that wage standards might be affected and unemployment increased by immigrants who come without substantial capital.

Yet in Victoria, where the Country Party rules and where the tariff-protected secondary industries account for the employment of a large percentage of the workers, the Premier, Mr. A. A. Dunstan, is as emphatically against a renewal in immigration as West Australian Labour.

"The first duty of the Governments is to their unemployed. The Commonwealth should not take up greater responsibilities and leave the States to bear the losses," he says.

Unemployment is decreasing in Australia. There is little doubt that the majority of the Federal Cabinet feel that the time will soon be ripe for a renewal of immigration.

Broadly speaking, Federal politicians take a wider view of Australia's future than those of the States. But even if the Federal Government carries the heaviest part of the financial burden, the co-operation of the States must be forthcoming.

It is already clear that the Federal Government's moves will be attacked and not only by its own Labour Opposition.

The painful memory of the failure of earlier immigration schemes has lingered through the depression.

The Commonwealth Government cannot force immigration proposals

upon the States. It can, however, endeavour to convince them of the benefits of a larger home market for primary produce, and of the dangers and the world responsibility involved in the holding of a great Continent by a population smaller than that of London.

Meanwhile, the Commonwealth Government's efforts are being watched with sympathy by the Departments in this country immediately concerned. But they can take no action until their co-operation in the financing and organising of immigration is sought from Australia.

## "Brother The Brute"

By G. Delap Stevenson

THE ruined temple leaves at least a broken pillar in the wilderness, the Victory of Samothrace is beautiful in its mutilation, but when a living creature dies there is nothing except corruption.

A species of animals which has become extinct is irrevocably gone from the earth, and it has no memorial but the records of the scientists.

The Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire exists in order to try to prevent this destruction, and this month it is sending out two missions, one to Ceylon and Malaya, and the other to the West Indies, British Guiana and British Honduras.

Captain Keith Caldwell who is going to the West Indies will, of course, be concerned chiefly with birds. Creatures such as the humming bird and the bird of paradise certainly deserve protection.

There is not so much work to be done here, however, as in the East, where the problem is one of big game and its relation to agriculture and native hunting rights.

Sir Thomas Comyn-Platt, formerly of the Foreign Office and a great traveller, is covering this ground.

The missions, though they are looked on with favour by the Colonial Office, are entirely unofficial. They are going out to study the conditions and encourage local interest rather than to propound definite policies.

In the East, as in Africa, man now has the power of life and death over animals as never before.

He is pushing back the bush and jungle for new cultivation. He uses strong electric torches to shoot bewildered animals at night, and goes after game with motor cars and aeroplanes.

The need of adequate protection is therefore urgent, rare species are in imminent danger and in a few years time it may be too late even for animals which still appear plentiful.

The London Convention of 1933, which deals only with Africa, was the

first comprehensive treaty between men and beasts.

So far it has been ratified by British Africa and Belgium, but it is difficult to know how far it will be effective. It only came into force on the 14th of this month.

It has succeeded, however, in laying down certain broad principles, for the establishment of different types of reserves and the control of the commercial use of animal products.

It is now hoped that some similar convention may be made for Southern Asia.

There has lately been an All India conference on wild life, and Sir Thomas Comyn-Platt's tour should prepare the ground in Ceylon and Malaya; if possible he will also extend it to North Borneo.

In Ceylon there are at present certain game reserves and districts protected by the local Fauna Protection Society; also there is a system of licences to shoot.

The reserves, however, are in the districts where the fauna are mainly Indian, and it is proposed to make Adam's Peak into a national park which shall preserve the indigenous Ceylon creatures.

As Adam's Peak is sacred to Buddha this should be in accordance with tradition and sentiment.

The whole of the game laws also still need tightening up, though the situation is certainly improving.

In Malaya the first need is some common policy in the game laws of the different States.

The present reserves are considered unsatisfactory, but a great new national park is almost an accomplished fact.

The Sultans of Pahang, Trengganu and Kelantan have set aside the land in honour of the King's Jubilee, and all that is needed is to get the park going as a working concern.

The great problem, in Malaya as everywhere else, is to protect wild beasts without letting them damage agricultural land.

## Cattle Dipped in Gold

ARSENIC mining is doing well in Southern Rhodesia. It is used for making cattle dip.

The arsenic was originally found as a by-product of gold and was considered a nuisance, since it renders the extraction of gold difficult and expensive.

Now, however, the tables are turned. In these mines arsenic has become the main object with gold as the by-product.

Even now the cattle of Southern Rhodesia, when they have their occasional dip, may be plunged into a weak solution of arsenic and gold.

But the miners see to it that there is mighty little of the gold!

## Simonstown and the British Navy

SINCE 1810 Simonstown has been the only naval port in South Africa, but for a few years previous to that date the Royal Navy also maintained an establishment in Table Bay.

In the early naval despatches, Simon's Bay was said to offer "safe anchorage for eight sail of the line in all seasons," but under present conditions it could shelter a much larger fleet.

One of the first steps following its occupation was to provide a residence for the Admiral, and this was done by purchasing the house of Mrs. Martha Horter, an old dwelling standing in some nine acres of ground. The price paid was £10,833 6s. 8d., or 130,000 guilders.

The purchase of this house and the construction of the dockyard were done on the recommendation of Rear-Admiral Sir George Dundas. He died on August 6, 1814, and in the old cemetery of Simonstown is to be seen his massive vault.

This cemetery has many other reminders of officers and men who had served in the southern seas with the Royal Navy. In 1829 Captain Richard Dyke-Ackland, eldest son of Sir Thomas Dyke-Ackland, of Devonshire, died at Simonstown. He had been in command of the *Helicon*, and undermined his health in operations along the East Coast.

The memorial in the cemetery records: "Unwilling to commit to others, in a dangerous climate during a pestilential season, a voluntary enterprise of justice and of humanity, Captain Ackland took in person the command of his own pinnace on the river Mapoola in Delagoa Bay, redressed wrongs there sustained by a small British vessel, rescued the African slaves from the hands of the oppressor, and thence returning, his righteous ends attained. But his frame, stricken with the fever of the country, he lived only to regain these shores, an early victim to his generous sense of duty."

This officer had been awarded a post-captain's commission for his work on the East Coast, but the news only arrived on the day before his funeral.

Although equipped with a modern naval dockyard, Simonstown is the only South African port that has never grown up.

It is a village perched on a narrow shelf of rock, with few opportunities for expansion. In many ways Simonstown resembles a naval port in England, but the scale on which it is built is naturally much smaller.

It is a place of tradition, a village that would have no reason to exist if the dockyards were removed. In the days of the Dutch Governors it was a winter port, and if the British Navy ever relinquishes its hold in South Africa, it will still remain a valuable harbour of refuge.

The main road from Cape Town to Cape Point rambles through Simons-

town, with the frowning, glass-crowned wall of the dockyard on one side and the houses clinging to the steep slopes of the mountain on the other.

New houses are occasionally erected in Simonstown, but an essential preliminary is the levelling of the ground and the construction of stone steps or steep gravelled paths.

Simonstown was first held by the British Navy in 1795. On May 19 the Dutch homeward bound fleet, with its escort of two warships, sailed hurriedly out of Simon's Bay.

Unknown to them a British fleet was waiting near St. Helena, and of the 17 ships eight were taken.

On June 11 the British fleet beat into False Bay. The fleet was commanded by Admiral Elphinstone and the troops it carried were under the orders of General Craig.

The British were there to preserve the Cape from French aggression. The Dutch officer at the port would not believe this, but he allowed General Craig to proceed overland to the Castle, where he met the authorities. They refused flatly to sanction the British occupation, and it was not until June 29 that the British Admiral and General issued a proclamation.

Soon after the Dutch abandoned Simonstown, but the three Dutch warships in the bay were not taken over until July 9. Events moved at a leisurely pace in those days.

Five days later 450 men of the 78th Regiment were landed at Simonstown and occupied the quarters of the Dutch garrison. And there a British garrison remained until 1802.

The situation of Simonstown is rugged but appealing, for it lies at the curve of a wide bay wherein are some of the most popular seaside resorts in South Africa.

It is a place of dazzling views. But frowning over the snowy sands and blue waves that entrance holiday makers, are the heavy guns of Scala and the Upper North Battery.

Admiralty House is one of the most pleasing residences in the Cape Peninsula.

During the last 125 years it has undergone few changes, which cannot be said of the dockyard and the scarred hills behind.

W.L.S.

## More Empire Trade

CEYLON is to make yet another effort to increase her Empire trade.

A statement has been issued by the Island's Customs authorities to the effect that Imperial imports must, as from March 1st, conform to fifty per cent. Empire content.

The existing "content," which was fixed in February, 1933, is twenty-five per cent.

The change will not affect cinema films and cigarettes.

The statement follows substantial reductions of preferential rates which greatly affected British textiles, machinery, paper and aircraft accessories.

## A Whiskey War

WHISKEY at 8d. a bottle is Japan's latest effort to capture Ceylon's liquor market.

A Japanese firm is about to send to the Island a variety of whiskey to be sold at the abnormally low price of forty cents a bottle.

Ceylon's Commissioner of Excise and the Executive Committee of Home Affairs are gravely concerned.

In the former's view such a development would seriously affect the Empire product, and he is urging a prohibitive import duty to be rushed through the State Council.

The Council has agreed to take action on the authority of the Governor of the Colony.

Ceylon's main supply of whiskey is got from the United Kingdom, smaller quantities being imported from the Irish Free State, Australia and Canada.

Japan made its first attempt to send whiskey to Ceylon last year, but Customs Returns show that, up to the end of October last year, only a diminutive quantity was imported from Japan.

In the same period £48,306 was imported in bottles and £751 in wood from the United Kingdom; £15 worth from Australia; £11 worth from the Irish Free State, and £10 worth from Canada.

## Licences for Preachers

THE spasmodic activities of certain native preachers, pretending to be emissaries of particular sects, occasionally cause a certain amount of uneasiness in the native reserves in Southern Rhodesia.

In order to counter these, the Government of the Colony is bringing forward, at the next session of Parliament, a Native Teachers Bill.

If this becomes law, certificates of authorisation, which will be valid for a year, but which will be renewable, may be issued by the heads of missions of recognised denominations or by the Chief Native Commissioner in cases where the natives concerned are not members of recognised sects.

It is understood that certain bodies of the Churches have applied for this.

## Ceylon Reduces Duty on Textile Machinery

CEYLON has reduced the import duty on cotton spinning and weaving machinery as from December 20th.

The British Preferential Rate will be reduced from 15 per cent. to 2½ per cent. and the general rate from 25 per cent. to 12½ per cent.

The reduction, which will apply to foot and hand driven machinery as well as to power driven machinery, is the result of representations made by the Ceylon Tariff Advisory Committee.

The existing duties were felt to weigh too heavily upon the domestic textile industry and particularly upon the work done in the workers' own homes.



## FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The First of the Voor-trekkers

By Professor A. P. Newton

WHEN the earliest European settlers were introduced into South Africa in the middle of the seventeenth century by the Netherlands East India Company, it was with a direct practical purpose.

The new post at the Cape of Good Hope was to be a refreshment station for their ships on the route to the Indies, where they could obtain supplies of water and fresh meat, together with some fresh vegetables, to guard against the dreaded disease of scurvy, which was such a terrible scourge to the sailors of the time.

There were two classes among the settlers, the first being composed of the officials of the Company and their clerks and artisans, who came from the towns of Holland and who built up for themselves in the infant Cape Town a replica of the life to which they had been accustomed.

The second class consisted of the peasants recruited by the Company from the Dutch countryside to look after the cattle, for which the settlement had been founded.

They were quiet and rather backward country folk, who had no very close ties with the officials who managed the Company's affairs, and whom they regarded as rapacious and interfering task-masters.

The officials could not help this, for they, like practically everyone else in the settlement, had to be the humble and very obedient servants of the Company in Batavia and Holland.

From the very beginning, therefore, it was the desire of the country-folk or "Boers," as they were called, to get away from the proximity of the officials and to live their own life among their herds in the most fertile pastures they could find.

To seek these pastures, they gradually moved away from the vicinity of Cape Town and out of the Cape Peninsula into the valleys between the mountains and the sea.

Their wants were of the simplest, and when a Boer wished to push out into the unknown in search of new pastures, he and his sons loaded their women and children with all their primitive belongings into a great wheeled waggon covered with a canvas tilt and took it (i.e., trekked) off into the wilds.

A team of trek oxen was inspanned to drag the waggon along, while a few Hottentot herdsmen guided the rest of the cattle along with their long goads.

It was a reversion to the earlier folk-wanderings of their and our own Teutonic ancestors when they moved out over the plains and valleys of Europe in search of well-watered grazing.

The Boers had few wants, save ammunition for their firearms, that



Boers on trek at a drift. At the time of the trek roads hardly existed and a way was made across the open Veld and unbridged rivers

they could not supply from their herds and by hunting the game with which the country there abounded.

They had a few hardy ponies on which the best hunters among the trekkers rode out in search of antelopes and other game, while the rest of the party tramped along on foot round the slow, lumbering waggons.

When they came to a stream, they searched for a ford or drift across which the waggons could be dragged, and, since few South African streams are deep and swift, they could always find sandy and stony drifts across which they could easily pass.

Roads or even paths, of course, there were none, but the parties could roam almost everywhere along the valley bottoms generally in an easterly direction, parallel with the mountain-ranges which run generally from west to east.

The Boers or Voor-trekkers had little danger to fear from the attack of the native inhabitants or Hottentots, who were the nomadic dwellers in the interior wilderness.

Like the Boers, the Hottentots were herders of cattle upon whose produce they lived. But there was often trouble from cattle-stealing, and the very primitive Bushmen, who also roamed among the hills, had sometimes to be driven off.

Until late in the eighteenth century the trekkers did not come into contact with the far more dangerous and active negro tribes of the black Kaffirs, for they lived far away to the east and had not penetrated into what is now the Cape Province.

The waggons of the trekkers were almost like moving forts, and when danger threatened they could be ranged into a square or "laager," against which the attacks of the ill-armed savages would beat in vain.

Thus into remoteness and isolation the Boers moved away from the centre of civilisation and government at Cape Town, as the advance guard of European settlement in South Africa, and their characteristic form of life and habits took on a marked and special tinge distinctly differentiated from their Dutch ancestors in Europe.

## Wood-Waste in the Empire

THE need for conserving timber resources has been stressed by the Chief Forestry Officer of Southern Rhodesia, Mr. E. J. Kelly-Edwards.

Dealing with the uses of timber in all its forms, he pointed out that Southern Rhodesia, like many other countries, was using much more timber than she could afford—nearly 80,000,000 cubic feet a year, whereas, after making allowance for damage by fire, wasteful cutting and the conversion of forest into agricultural land, the forests were only producing 55,000,000 cubic feet a year—a loss of 25,000,000 cubic feet.

"To prevent this loss," Mr. Kelly-Edwards said, "we must use our wood in a less wasteful manner and take steps to plant more trees of a fast-growing kind."

## New Guinea Studies Ceylon

THE Director of Agriculture of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea, the Hon. G. Murray, is making an extensive study of Ceylon's coconut industry.

He is acquainting himself with the methods of coconut cultivation, particularly in connection with copra.

In an interview, he stated that the quality of copra produced in New Guinea was not equal to that obtained in Ceylon, although it was superior to what was obtained from other parts of the South Seas.

## Police to Pick Flowers

POLICE posts, Native Commissioners and headmasters of schools in Southern Rhodesia are to look for flowers.

The blooms will not be in the nature of bouquets—although the seekers may deserve them—but will be collected in answer to a request for the provision of plants for the decoration of the Colony's pavilion at the Empire Exhibition to be held in Johannesburg this year.



# Eyes on the U.S. Dollar

By Our City Editor

**A**FTER a period of concentration on European and home affairs, the eyes of the City are again turned on the American dollar and the situation in the States following the decision of the Supreme Court declaring further New Deal administrations to be unconstitutional. Business in the U.S.A. is very much on the up-grade, as is nearly always the case in a Presidential Election year, and recovery in the States, despite the growth of economic nationalism and independence, has a very great influence on conditions the world over. Talk of stabilisation has arisen once again and this time, apparently, in America, but such measures as would be necessary to bring this about are inconceivable so long as the dollar is still subject to manipulation by Washington; and Mr. Roosevelt has prolonged the life of the Gold Reserve Act in this connection.

The dollar has thus possibly some further antics to perform before it is allowed to rest, but it is on the certainty that the latter will be its ultimate fate that U.S. business is recovering. On commodity prices American influences are all-important, and a steady sterling-dollar exchange is essential to permanent recovery. But while *de facto* sterling-dollar stabilisation is by no means beyond visualisation, actual agreement between Britain, U.S.A. and France for exchange stabilisation seems almost as far away as ever.

## Banking Profits in 1935

The first of the Big Five banks to announce their profit figures, for the past year, Barclays and Lloyds, reported respectively an increase and a slight decrease as compared with the previous year. Both, however, are maintaining their rates of dividend, Barclays with 14 per cent. on the "B" and "C" shares, and Lloyds with 12 per cent. on the "A" shares. In the case of Barclays Bank, profits at £1,783,784 compare with £1,708,174 for the previous year, and the additional amount is allocated to premises, which account receives £150,000 against £100,000 a year previously. Lloyds Bank profits were £1,642,785 as against £1,651,506 in the previous year, and the bank must be reckoned to have maintained profits well following the previous year's large increase of £213,000. Once again £250,000 is transferred to contingencies, though the directors of Lloyds have always fully provided for bad debts without recourse to this fund.

The Midland Bank, biggest of the group, increased net profits from £2,292,217 to £2,353,098, the 16 per cent. dividend being repeated, while £420,000 is distributed in Centenary bonuses, shareholders receiving a 2 per cent. distribution, while 5 per cent. is being paid on salaries and pensions to the staff and pensioners. The increase in profits still allows of £250,000 being placed to contingencies, against £270,000, and £300,000, against £250,000, to premises account, the amount carried forward being reduced to £467,447.

The directors of Westminster Bank are also distributing Centenary Bonuses of 5 per cent. to members of the staff and pensioners, and net profits for the past year are arrived at *after* making provision for these cash payments. Profits thus amount to £1,402,656, against £1,524,880 for 1934, and no further amount is placed to premises, which received £100,000 a year ago, the dividend being at the usual rate of 18 per cent., while the £4 shares receive the sum of £109,600 in the form of a 2 per cent. Centenary Bonus. The Midland and Westminster Boards have thus recorded their banks' Centenaries in a much appreciated concrete form.

National Provincial Bank's profits amounted to £1,665,437 for 1935, an increase of some £21,000 on the year, the dividend being again 15 per cent. with £100,000 each to premises and pension fund accounts. The amount carried forward is increased from £878,881 to £922,406 and this satisfactory announcement concludes the tale of banking profits for the "Big Five" in a year when considerable expansion in activity has been accompanied by moderate profit expansion, but no actual dividend increase.

## Linoleum Company's Record

Thanks to the Board's conservative financial policy and the enterprise shown by the management in expanding the business, the dividend paid by Michael Nairn & Greenwich, Ltd., which owns the well-known linoleum manufacturing companies, was maintained at 12½ per cent. for thirteen years, despite the vicissitudes of trade during that period. This time it is accompanied by a 2½ per cent. bonus, making 15 per cent. in all, and the distribution is shown to be justified by the increase in net revenue by £21,797 to £252,088. The £1 shares stand at nearly 75s., giving a return of just over 4 per cent.

MESSRS. WILLIAM SANDERSON & SON, of Leith, distillers since 1863, and proprietors of Vat 69 Whisky, have been honoured with the appointment of purveyors of whisky to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

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THEATRE NOTES

"To-night at 8.30"

Phoenix Theatre

By Noel Coward

AS Mr. Coward himself writes in his programme preface, it is not a new idea to give three plays in one evening, but it is a revival of an old idea which, as presented at the Phoenix, is likely to find a good deal of favour in the eyes of the theatre-going public.

"Family Album"—the first of the three, all of which were written and produced by Mr. Coward—shows us a Victorian family collected in their drawing-room on an evening just after the death of the head of the house. The cynicism and irony of this situation, wherein all members of the family, seemingly, loathed their parent while pretending to mourn his passing, is cleverly handled by the author. It would to my mind, however, have been more successful had it been much shorter.

In "The Astonished Heart," which followed, Mr. Coward has given a perfect little drama. The story is of a psychiatrist who could cure all ills of the mind, but his own. He himself becomes obsessed by a passion for his wife's friend, and when the situation becomes too difficult for him he commits suicide. The whole cast supported Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Coward in a way that proved what first-rate artists they all are.

Then to go from the sublime to the ridiculous for the completion of our evening's entertainment, Mr. Coward presented "Red Peppers." The curtain went up to reveal the backcloth of a music-hall in the provinces, and we were treated to the appearance of Miss Lawrence and Mr. Coward in a song and dance act, "Has anybody seen our Ship?" There was a hitch as "Lily Pepper" made her exit after a most amusing exhibition of step-dancing with "George Pepper" and we were taken behind the scenes to the Pepper dressing room. There we eavesdropped upon a quarrel between "husband" and "wife," both of them, and the band-conductor and the theatre manager. In the middle of the rumpus the Peppers were called to return to the stage to finish their act, which, of course, ended in complete disaster. The whole play was most amusing and should be booked in its entirety as a music-hall act by an enterprising London manager.

Such versatility is unusual, and if the remaining three plays, which will be included alternately with those mentioned above, are up to the same standard, there is no doubt that the Phoenix Theatre will be engaged for many months to come.

inspect their claim prior to buying the mine. The hotel proprietor (Ernest Jay), his wife (Margaret Watson) and her niece (Coral Brown) are anxious to develop their hotel and they try to induce the prospectors to promise them the necessary money. The proprietor uses his own methods of inducement and the niece her own—but different—means to this end. It turns out that the whole thing was a fraud and the police are sent on the track of one of the prospectors (Paul Farrell), who decamps with what he has been able to make by hoodwinking one of the "town guys" (Antony Shaw).

The play itself was rambling and rather clumsily constructed, but the author was extremely well-served by the artists taking part. There was a first-rate piece of characterisation from Ernest Jay, while Brember Wills as an unwilling tourist, was a joy to watch. Paul Farrell and Antony Shaw were admirable in their respective rôles. It was a pity that Margareta Scott and Coral Brown—two such good artists—were cast as "town girl" and "desert vamp," for they looked so like sisters that a good deal of the illusion of antagonism and rivalry that existed between them was lost to the audience.

C.S.

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"Golden Gander"

Embassy Theatre

By Henry James

"GOLDEN GANDER" is a comedy in three acts, which takes place on the verandah of a small hotel in the Central Australian desert. A couple of tough prospectors have just come in from the desert, having discovered a gold mine, and are waiting for the "town guys" who are coming to

**CINEMA****Counter-espionage**

BY MARK FORREST

**S**ECOND Bureau is the name by which the French Secret Service is known and, as this is the title of the new picture at the Curzon, the subject of the film is obvious. Counter-espionage is generally an exciting business and, though the length of *Second Bureau* makes it less so than it should be, the picture has plenty to recommend it.

Needless to write, it is the German and the French Secret Services which are in opposition, first over a new gas and later over a new soundless aeroplane, both launched by the Germans, the intricacies of which are unravelled by the French. Surprisingly perhaps, the Germans pin their faith upon women to expose the weaknesses of men, but the French rely entirely upon men. After much coming and going, in which the hearts beat with as much strength as the brains tick, the screen is primed for the final clash when the German woman spy sets out to tackle the Frenchman who has discovered the details of her country's last two inventions. It is her heart, however, which gives way under the strain and, instead of sending the Frenchman to his death, she goes to her own in his place.

**Too Many Details**

If the picture was shortened considerably, the pace would be improved, with the result that the film might be really exciting; but too many extraneous details are introduced as a consequence of which the interest waxes and wanes like a flickering candle. This is a pity, because the cast play the drama with plenty of spirit and, though the action gives little or no opportunity for any outstanding performance, the level of the acting is uniformly good.

The actual devices used by members of the service, especially those employed by the French spy, have an authentic air, and I understand that the Bureau has given the film its blessing; but the human subterfuges are rather crude. Men of German origin fall under women's spells with surprising ease, and the Frenchman gets the bag of women with the same facility.

The two leading parts are in the safe hands of Vera Korina and Jean Murat. The latter's name will be familiar to cinemagoers; the former, whose acting is excellent, is a member of the Comédie Française. The director is Pierre Billon; this is his first picture and his second will probably not suffer from so much overloading.

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**BROADCASTING****The B.B.C.'s Contempt**

BY ALAN HOWLAND

**T**HE B.B.C. has always taken a very unfavourable view of Continental broadcasts in the English language. The B.B.C. is entitled to its own views on the subject, and I for one do not care what it thinks. It has, however, come to my knowledge that the B.B.C. is, in a "no-offence-meant-and-none-taken-I-hope" kind of way, endeavouring to dissuade artists from accepting this kind of employment. My informant is an actor who was himself advised in that heavily tactful manner assumed by all B.B.C. officials not to get involved in the commercial programme racket, since it would mean that the B.B.C. would cease employing him.

**Ban Threats**

I have always known that the B.B.C. adopts a contemptuous attitude towards the artists it employs, but this is the first time I have known it to indulge in a polite form of garroting. Let us face the facts squarely. A broadcasting artist, if he is fairly lucky, may over the period of a year receive an average of one engagement a month at a four-guinea fee. If he is incredibly fortunate, he may in twelve months average as much as one a week. The same artist can earn four or five times as much as this by making gramophone records or film sound-tracks for advertising firms. Quite obviously, then, the B.B.C. has no right to debar anyone from making a decent living under threat of being banned from Broadcasting House.

People who are gifted with good voices, the brains to use them, and that intangible thing, microphone sense, should be allowed to sell their talents as and where they can. It is absolutely intolerable that the well-dressed counter-jumpers of Portland Place should endeavour to prevent competent artists from earning a living. It is not as though the B.B.C. were offering short term contracts or even an official guarantee of regular employment. It does no such thing.

**Pomposities**

The newly-appointed casting director has an extremely difficult job to tackle, and I take the liberty of drawing his attention to the preposterous attitude adopted by some of his colleagues. He himself has been a broadcasting artist, and knows how difficult it is to make a success in that line of business. I implore him to frustrate the efforts of the high-handed pomposities who would reduce all broadcasting artists to the level of serfdom, and I advise him with all the urgency at my command to realise before it is too late that he is working among a collection of amateurs, the majority of whom are suffering from an acute form of pernicious megalomania.